

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1880.

NO 23.

NEWS NOTES.

—Sleighting in Canada.
—Sitting Bull will surrender next month.
—Pools are selling in Chicago 10 to 8 in favor of Garfield.
—Over 50,000 immigrants came to this country during last month.
—Only 50,000 voters registered in Chicago, and 807 in St. Paul.
—The Fargo Times talks of establishing a democratic daily at Fargo.
—St. Louis is to be re-censused by Prof. C. M. Woodward, of Washington University.
—The first church society (Presbyterian) was organized in Miles City, M. T., last week.
—W. D. O'Toole is running in opposition to James H. Garfield for representative for Western Montana.

—An exchange remarks that English has lost the vice-presidency but saved \$99,000 of the \$100,000 promised for the campaign.
—Secretary Schurz makes the statement of belief that the Northern Pacific when completed will not only be of incalculable benefit to the government but a road with an immense revenue.
—Judge Halet refuses to allow Agent Berry to be turned over to the state authorities. It is understood that state warrants will be issued and in the event of Berry's discharge by the U. S. courts he will be arrested again.

—Wm. Rowland, who has been in charge of the Cheyenne camp at Fort Keogh, left this morning with a number of Cheyenne scouts for the purpose of hunting for Sitting Bull and his warriors. A brother of Spotted Eagle arrived at Keogh during the week with a number of hostiles and attended to Gen. Miles, and reported that more of Sitting Bull's braves were coming. Mr. Rowland will return in two weeks. *Miles City Journal.*

Army Intelligence.

Capt. O'Brien, 15th Infantry, returned from the east last night.

Postmaster H. F. Douglass and wife, of Fort Yates, are at the Sheridan.

Capt. Geo. L. Browning, 7th Infantry, Fort Stevenson, was in the city this week.

Postmaster Harmon, of Fort Lincoln, paid the metropolis a visit yesterday.

Lieut. W. J. Rice, of Fort Snelling, who visited the extension, went east Tuesday.

Lieut. Wm. P. Rogers, 15th Infantry, came up from Fort Yates Sunday on his way east.

Lieut. F. W. Mansfield, 11th Infantry, Fort Custer, has been granted one month's leave.

Lieut. James H. G. Wilcox, 7th Cavalry, Fort Lincoln, looked around the metropolis Monday last.

Lieut. Wm. English, of Fort Lincoln, visited his many friends in Bismarck this week. *Butte Call.*

Maj. Walker, of the Canadian Mounted Police, came to the Helena. He accompanied Mrs. Capt. Badger to Ottawa.

Mrs. Capt. Badger came up from Fort Yates Sunday on her way to join her husband, Capt. Wm. Badger, 9th Infantry, on White River, Colorado.

Capt. R. H. Mason, surveyor-general of Montana territory, was a passenger on last evening's train. He has been attending the convention of surveyors at Salt Lake City.

Harry Hudson, commissary sergeant of Major Merrill's command, who has a four months' leave, with permission to go beyond the sea, went east Monday morning.

Mrs. Capt. Clark, wife of the late Capt. Clark, adjutant on Col. McLeod's staff, was a passenger on the Helena. The captain passed through this city last spring on route to the Northwest territory where sickness overtook him and he died.

The following is the detail of army officers, department of Dakota, appointed to attend the delivery of surplus goods to the Indians at the different agencies in accordance with instructions from the secretary of war issued at the request of the secretary of the Interior:—

Capt. Edward Moske, 3d Infantry, Fort Belknap agency, M. T.; Capt. Geo. K. Sanderson, 11th Infantry, 4th Cavalry, M. T.; Capt. Geo. L. Browning, 7th Infantry, Fort Berthold agency, D. T.; Capt. Chas. F. Robe, 25th Infantry, Lower Brule, and Crow Creek agencies, D. T.; Capt. Myles Maxwell, 7th Cavalry, Pine Ridge agency, M. T.; 1st Lieut. Daniel H. Floyd, 15th Infantry, Black Feet agency, M. T.; 2d Lieut. Geo. L. Brown, 11th Infantry, Cheyenne River agency, D. T.; 2d Lieut. A. J. Russell, 7th Cavalry, Rosebud agency, D. T.; 2d Lieut. E. Edgar W. Howe, 2d Infantry, Standing Rock agency, D. T.

Challenging Voters.

Elsewhere the qualifications of voters are given. If any person offering to vote shall be challenged as unqualified the board of judges shall declare to the person so challenged the qualifications of an elector. If the challenge is not withdrawn on the day of the challenge shall tender the following oath:

You do solemnly swear (or affirm, as the case may be) that you are twenty-one years of age; that you are a citizen of the United States; or that you have declared your intention to become a citizen conformably to the laws of the United States; and of this Territory, on the subject of naturalization, and have taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States; that you have resided in this territory ninety days, and in this county twenty days, and in this precinct five days next preceding this election; that you have not voted at this election.

If this oath is not taken the vote offered must be rejected, and if it is taken falsely the person "swearing in his vote," shall be deemed guilty of a willful and corrupt perjury and shall suffer the penalty provided by law for this crime.

The Politician.

When the politician pranceth about thee with his face wreathed in smiles and promises thee great things if thou wilt follow his lead, trust him not, but go straightway and heal thyself with thy countrymen by voting the straight republican ticket.

TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

NEWS GOBBLED FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

The Chinese Letter Matter—Doyle, the Forger, Jailed—Mrs. Lincoln Returns—The Nationals Won't Fuse—Great Flood.

THAT CHINESE LETTER.

New York, Oct. 29.—Forger Phillips' examination was continued yesterday. Hart, the publisher of *Truth*, after refusing to produce the original letter, and being fined for contempt, decided to produce it. Col. Lockwell, a personal friend of Garfield, was sworn. He had thousands of letters from Garfield. He testified to the genuineness of some letters from Garfield to Jewell. At this point Hart was given three hours to produce the original letter, when it was produced. The envelope was not along, but on being promised protection from other suits, agreed to bring it to-morrow. The testimony of experts on the face *simile* resemblance of the letter to Phelps' and Garfield's handwriting, indicate that it resembles Phelps' more than Garfield's. Gen. Garfield is to be subpoenaed.

DOYLE, THE FORGER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Doyle, the forger, has been committed to jail in default of \$30,000 bail.

MRS. LINCOLN RETURNS.

New York, Oct. 29.—Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the ex-President, deceased, arrived from Europe yesterday.

WON'T FUSE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 29.—The talk of fusion between the democrats and nationals in Indiana continues, but the latter deny any such bargain. Neal Dow announces that he will vote for Garfield.

METEOROLOGICAL DISTURBANCES.

New York, Oct. 29.—There was a great storm in English and Irish Cork and in Ireland, Wednesday and Thursday. Fifty families in the suburbs of Dublin were rendered homeless by the floods. Several mills have stopped, and there is considerable loss of property and reported loss of life.

BUSINESS MEN TO THE FRONT.

New York, Oct. 29.—The meeting of business men on Wall street, yesterday, was the greatest demonstration known yet. It was composed entirely of business men who closed their stores and offices to take part. Wall street was one mass of struggling men from end to end, all bent upon securing an advantageous position. Col. Ingersoll addressed the meeting eloquently.

BECOMING ALARMED.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The democrats are alarmed at the status of affairs in Virginia. While they do not claim any fear of the loss of the state to Hancock, yet they are doubtful on some hitherto certain congressmen.

ACCUSED OF A BARGAIN.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 29.—The Milwaukee *Sentinel* charges Sawyer and Sanger of a bargain; the first to support the latter for congress in exchange for the latter's influence in the coming senatorial fight.

GIVING GOOD ADVICE.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 29.—Secretary Jewell addresses a letter to the republicans of the first district of Minnesota, urging upon them the necessity of electing a republican to congress.

SCHWALKA'S RECEPTION.

New York, Oct. 29.—Lieut. Schwalka and companion had a reception at Chick-o-ray Hall last night. Justice Daly, president of the Geographical Society, presided. Schwalka read a brief account of his explorations.

PAYING THEIR RESPECTS.

MEYER, O., Oct. 29.—Two hundred Portage county people called on Garfield and were received with the usual good speech.

The Marble Theatre.

The Billy Marble troupe has been playing to crowded houses during the entire week. Marble and Twomey are just immense in everything they undertake and are supported by an excellent company. Last night they gave us "Old Hossy," the great workingman's drama, followed by a most ludicrous farce that put the entire house in the best of humor to-night's "Rip Van Winkle." On Saturday night Marble will appear in two of his greatest comic characters, "Major Wellington DeBoots" and "Solon Single." They will also play on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. Before leaving Bismarck they will produce Mark Twain's "Millions in It," and the grand spectacular drama of "Two Orphans." These plays are now in rehearsal. None who live to enjoy life and have souls worth saving for future happiness ought to miss these, the great treats of the season. Reserved seats for sale at Hollenback's.

Colored Tickets.

There may be black, blue, yellow or green tickets in the field, or tickets with marked backs. Don't vote them. Every man has a right to vote one square ballot and the right to have that ballot counted as he cast it. The law gives him the right to cast a secret ballot. No man has a right to know for whom that vote was cast. Those who attempt the use of colored or marked ballots may be safely styled frauds who do not deserve a free man's vote. Don't vote for a man who cannot trust you to vote as you please.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS.

The Echo of Twenty Years Ago Comes back to Mr. and Mrs. Justus Bragg.

Twenty years ago Justus Bragg and Carrie Williams were married at Water-bleit, Berrien County, Michigan. They have prospered during most of these years and a family of interesting children has grown up around them. On Monday evening was their 20th anniversary—their China wedding. Their house was thrown open and an interesting company gathered. Among those present THE TRIBUNE reporter noticed ex-mayor McLean, James M. Marshall, Chas. M. Cushman, John Davidson, wife and daughter, Mrs. Robert Macnider and Miss Mary Falconer, Capt. Josiah Chance, John A. Stoyell and wife, Geo. P. Flannery and wife, Henry Blakeley, J. M. Carnahan, Miss Clara Lilly, Geo. M. Bird, wife and daughter, Wm. A. Hollenback and wife, Henry G. Hollenback, O. S. Goff and wife, Dr. Bigelow, J. K. Wetherby, R. B. Thurston, A. D. Pratt and wife, Rev. Mr. Stevens and wife, Rev. Mr. Miller and wife, F. J. Call and wife, A. T. Sherwood and wife, Mrs. Col. Brown and Frank P. Brown, P. M. Eckford and wife, Dr. Bentley and daughter, Dan Eisenberg and wife, Capt. Dan Maratta, Capt. J. C. Barr, John Whalen and wife, Dr. H. R. Porter and wife, and Miss Nellie Joslin, Col. C. A. Lounsbury and wife, W. B. Bell and wife, and Mrs. Clausen and daughter and several whose names are not recalled.

The presents were largely from John Whalen's crockery house and were just splendid and show the esteem felt for this excellent family. Among them THE TRIBUNE noted an elegant hand painted china set of fifty-two pieces with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Eisenberg; a beautiful white china set of 54 pieces, from John A. McLean, Dr. H. R. Porter and J. H. Marshall; a cream china set with beautiful brown figure from Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury, Dr. A. T. Bigelow and J. K. Wetherby; also a moss rose mousethe cup, the moss rose china bedroom set was from Walter Bragg. An elegant Dalton jug and two hand-painted hand decorated china canisters and a Majolica vase were presented by Wm. A. Hollenback, and a pair of very fine French vases by Henry G. Hollenback. Capt. Grant Marsh presented a marble and bronze hand decorated lamp, and F. J. Call and wife one of the same. The library hanging lamp was from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Raymond, also a plain white china fruit stand. Geo. Flannery presented his compliments with a set of colored wine glasses, and John Whalen a china soup tureen, ladle and platter. John A. Stoyell presented his compliments in the form of a dozen goblets, and Mrs. J. G. Miller in the form of a china cup and saucer. Geo. M. Bird a cake stand, and Mrs. A. D. Pratt a cake stand and pair of eveling glasses. Mrs. C. W. Thompson a beautiful glass pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Preston a very handsome fish dish, and Mrs. Florence Thompson a rooster cup and saucer; Mrs. James McFarland a beautifully decorated Majolica jug; Mrs. O. S. Goff presented a dozen champagne glasses, and Mrs. John Davidson a pair of shell of wheat. Majolica jugs; Miss Lou Preston a beautiful set of table mats, and Miss A. E. Curtis remembered the happy pair in like manner; Col. E. M. Brown's compliments were in the form of two very nice pure white china cups and saucers. Chas. M. Cushman presented a fruit tea set of five pieces, and Mrs. W. B. Bell and Mrs. and Miss Clausen presented a lovely set of antique vases; Mrs. Selma a glass cake stand and set of fruit dishes; Miss Minnie Davidson, a pair of frosted glass bread plates and fruit dishes; Miss Belle Bird a china stand for tea or coffee; and set of salt cellars; Mrs. J. H. Lounsbury and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Platts, each a beautiful hand decorated crackle glass jug; Mr. and Mrs. Eckford, also a lovely blue green crackle glass jug. But one of the most highly esteemed presents was a china hand decorated fruit basket from the hand of Mrs. J. W. Lee, of Rich City, Minn., the only person in the west present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Bragg twenty years ago. Another beautiful present came from Clara Lullie, R. B. Thurston and Wm. C. Snodgrass, a dozen hand decorated fruit or desert plates in Russia case. From Mrs. A. W. Cushman and Miss Maggie Cameron, there was a very nice pink and gilt toilet set, and from Mrs. Robert Macnider and Mary Falconer two very handsome large pink and gilt vases, and from A. T. Sherwood, a white china, gilt and blue wreath, gentlemen's toilet set. Mr. Bragg presented the marriage with a marble top dressing case and commode, and Miss Bell presented a lovely satin picture frame. The refreshments were prepared—the cake by Mrs. Bragg assisted by Mrs. Call; the coffee and salads by Robert Smith, and they were served by Frank Washington, the Fourth street caterer, assisted by Capt. Raymond's boy, George Brown, Dr. Hollenback's "Rabbit" and the porter from the North Pacific Parlor Car. California fruit was also supplied in abundance.

This is the first gathering of this sort ever had in Bismarck. May it not be the last.

Whitneys.

It makes no difference what the attractions are elsewhere manager Whitney continues to give an entertainment at the opera house of more than ordinary merit. The new star Miss Daisy Kernell, is an actress of rare accomplishments and has made a great hit. That fascinating and graceful serio-comic vocalist and dramatic artist Miss Amy Santley, will reappear next week after a two weeks vacation. Miss Wade and Miss Wells continue to please as they always will, and Maude LeMoine brings out loud applause as a living statuette. Messrs. Willis, Carroll and Davenport are as "phanny" as ever, and the pork is only half out.

RIVER RIFLES.

Drift Wood Picked up During the Week.

Capt. Maratta's large photographs of the Montana are immense. Wm. J. the trader on the Helena, has sold over \$14,000 worth of goods this season.

The Eclipse left the Coal Banks on the 23d for this point. T. C. Power is a passenger.

If there is a man on the river who understands his business it is Capt. Seims, of the Gen. Terry.

The river above Cow Island is better than ever before at this season, showing the value of the improvements made thus far.

The four steamboats at the landing paid out about \$15,000 to their employees, one-half of which will be expended in Bismarck.

The Batchelor arrived Sunday night from Buford, and reloaded with freight for Leighton & Jordan, leaving for Buford Wednesday night.

The Butte passed Carroll on the 21st. She will leave Cow Island on the 26th and bring down Maguire's engineer party from Dauphin Rapids.

There are 1,500 barrels of flour on the road bound for up river points, but as the Terry is the last boat up, overland transportation will have to be resorted to.

The Helena arrived from Coal Banks yesterday at 3 o'clock, gaining three hours on the Rosebud in the down trip—nine days run. The Helena loads for Sioux City today.

The Gen. Terry and the Rosebud left Buford at daybreak on the 25th. The Terry arrived at 10 o'clock Wednesday night and the Rosebud at 11 o'clock yesterday.

The Helena has made eight trips up the river this season and one to Standing Rock. It is claimed that this is more than any other boat has ever made in a single season.

The Colson boats will winter at Yankton where the company have good docks. Bismarck should have half a dozen boats this winter, but her citizens have allowed her docks to go to ruin.

The Gen. Meade arrived from Ft. Berthold at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. She takes on a load of government freight for Standing Rock agency and goes through to Sioux City.

The Gen. Terry arrived from Poplar Creek Wednesday night. She is now loading for Buford, and will probably be the last boat up this season, cleaning up all the government and private freight.

There was quite a large fleet at the levee this morning, the last of the season. In the space of 800 feet were the Helena, Rosebud, Gen. Terry, Gen. Meade, and transfer Union. Farther down the river was the North Pacific Transfer.

The Rosebud arrived yesterday with 140 mechanics from Astoria, and a number of discharged soldiers and cabin passengers. She is now loading for below and will leave to-morrow for Pierre with the Northwest Stage Company's outfit. This winds up her business for the season. She has done a very successful season's work and will winter at Yankton.

DEMOCRATIC OPINIONS.

Remarks of Eminent Democrats on Hearing From Indiana.

English.—Everything has gone to—L. Dennis Hannifan.—The game is up; pass in your checks. If Hancock is beaten I'll never vote again.

John P. Dunn.—It's no use. The office holders and capitalists are with the republicans. Indiana never reverses its October verdict.

Chas. Dana.—Don't let your money on Hancock. Virginia even is doubtful. *New York Herald.*—The democrats are losing votes at both ends of their effort to elect both ways (on the tariff question).

SITTING BULL.

He Will Surrender to Gen. Miles Without Bloodshed.

The Miles expedition which was to have taken place on the 20th has been postponed indefinitely. The following special dispatch to THE TRIBUNE explains the cause of the postponement:

WOLF POINT, M. T., Oct. 29.—News has just reached me to the effect that Sitting Bull and the hostiles have been persuaded by Gen. Miles, through his emissaries, Everett, or as he is better known, "Wagoner," to come over to the Keogh and surrender. The will and the attack-paced campaign. The hostiles who are at present with the tankhous will also be compelled to surrender.

Suicide by Drowning.

Engine No. 18, Sol. Johnson, engineer, and Geo. McCormick, fireman, attached to Finley's freight train west, was stove up generally by running off the track into Apple Creek. It was soiling and the engineer did not see the flag set by the workmen repairing the bridge until too late. The train has checked sufficiently, however, to save everything but the engine which balanced over into the creek. No one was hurt, the engineer and fireman both jumping before the engine took its suicidal leap. Everything was in good repair again Thursday and the engine sent to Bismarck for repairs.

The Stage Company.

The Rosebud is now taking on the stage company's baggage for Fort Pierre. The office formerly occupied by the company is now owned by Alex. McKenzie and has been leased to Mr. Webster for a restaurant. Capt. Van Harmon purchased the building used as a boarding house and will rent it for a residence, and occupy it himself. Tri-weekly coaches will run hereafter. Mr. Blakeley will remain here for a short time, after which he will go to Pierre. The loss of the stage company men has made no perceptible change in the business of the city as their places are being filled by actual, permanent settlers.

THE MILK RIVER SIXTH

INTERESTING LETTER FROM "REX," A TRIBUNE SPECIAL.

Indian Summer in Colorado—Indian Agent Meeker's Remains—Chris Gilson, the Scout, and Son—

Personals.

THE OLD SIXTH.

WHITE RIVER AG-ENCY, Col., Oct. 10.—The regiment is again scattered. On the 30th of June last, at Snake River, Wyoming Territory, the regiment paraded for muster, every company being present for the first time in many years; some one said at the time, not since Gettysburg.

We had thought of having the entire regiment together this winter, but on the 26th of last month Col. Huston, with companies D, F, G and H, marched out of camp bound for Forts Lyon and Garland. As the rear of the column was passing out of sight, entering the "Big Canon," Col. Moore remarked, "It will be a long time before we are all together again." We all actually hated to see them go, and yet there are many who would gladly have acted as substitutes.

We are just now having our Indian summer. It commenced yesterday. It rained as it only can rain when it is in earnest in this demoralized section of country. This game was running as a sort of "go as you please" when we returned, and this morning our astonished eyes beheld, when taking the first peep out of our door, the adjacent hills and surrounding country covered with a mantle of the pure virgin article—beautiful snow, and the game still going on.

Around the camp the mantle soon lost its purity, and mud was predominant. Some huge icicles were interesting objects of contemplation to a few bighted Dakotians, who were wondering how much of this thing there would be before winter fairly commenced. This, as I said before, is the commencement of our Indian summer (by authority of the oldest inhabitant).

AGENT MEEKER'S REMAINS.

The remains of Indian Agent Meeker have been forwarded to his relatives at Greeley, Colorado. At the same time the body of Lowry, the scout, was taken to the railroad. His brother came here from California for the remains and will take them to the eastern home for Christian burial. Residents of the country say that if Lowry's advice had been taken, the Milk Creek disaster had never occurred, but I suppose that many will think of this that hindsight is better than foresight.

We have nine barrack buildings standing in their adobe grandeur, without doors, windows or roofs, the material for these essential to habitable adobes having not yet arrived. The money for their purchase was not available until a late date, and hence the delay. Meanwhile the cold nights and snow storms, which are available and are furnished without any requisitions, have developed the latent talent of the boys in keeping themselves warm. Passing around and through the camps, one notices springing out of the ground, seemingly all sorts of hollow contrivances, manufactured in many instance from discarded fruit cans. These are the chimneys to underground shacks, in which the lads bid defiance, around a roaring fire, to the frost king.

GILSON, THE SCOUT.

Chris Gilson, on his last visit, was accompanied by an old friend of THE TRIBUNE's, one who for many years in Dakota resided near the stations of the 6th, and whom every Dakotian is always eager to welcome—the same quiet, unobtrusive gentleman—we are right glad that Yellowstone Kelly, the famous scout, is here and is to remain during the winter. Many in Bismarck will remember Chris Gilson's son Jimmy. He is now taking a noted scout, accompanying his father on all of his trips, and last winter, on account of his youth, easily slipped into some tight places and picked up information among the Indian camps that other families could not himself have gained.

Col. Moore is now in command of the camp. Gen. Hazen is not expected until next month.

Lieut. Ingalls is occupying the Adjutant's chair at headquarters. Adjutant Thompson being temporarily absent en route to meet his wife, who will spend the winter here.

Mrs. Dr. LeCompte has been here some time, enjoying with the doctor the camping out on White River and an occasional campaign against the trout, which, as I have before said in your columns, abound in the river and afford excellent sport to those who are fond of angling.

Capt. Baker, having resigned the idea of a leave, is now utilizing his experience at the Bad Lands cantonment in erecting a log house for comfortable winter.

Capt. Bauger and other officers are likewise busily engaged in architecture. You of course know that the 6th are some on the build.

Geo. Hazen is domiciled at the trader's establishment, and is at home to his friends at all times. Latch sitting on the outside.

Let me ask you to draw it a little mild when you are writing up Burleigh county and adjacent sections. Make those cabbages a little smaller and the rest of the vegetables and cereals a little less voluminous. You see our stock is very small, and ere winter is over we may be restricted in our vegetable diet—tantus tu you know—draw it mild.

One of our most talented musicians in the regimental band, who was in days of yore a gay gallant among the fair natives at Buford, happened to be slightly—yes, slightly, a short time since, at an evening serenade—closing his eyes to get his bearings, he opened them, not on his music, but on the prominent while "piedicilly" of his band master! Tasting his cornet to his lips, he commenced playing that to his best style. The result can be better imagined than described.

REX.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Geo. P. Flannery is at Fargo.

The Marble Combination is at the Merchants.

D. M. Kelliher is in the city electioneering.

John A. McLean went to Jamestown yesterday.

W. H. Stimpson returned from the east last night.

E. H. Bly returned from the east Tuesday night.

Mrs. Geo. Clendenin was a passenger on the Rosebud.

Col. Wm. Thompson returned home on last night's train.

E. A. Brunson and lady arrived from the east Saturday.

Mrs. E. P. Wells is with her husband visiting the extension.

Fred Whitner returned from his St. Paul visit Tuesday night.

Warn, of Warnon, is in the city, warning everyone to vote for Warn.

Monday's train brought Dr. Rogers from a brief visit at Minneapolis.

W. B. Shaw, Indian trader at Berthold, came down Sunday and proceeded east Tuesday morning.

Mrs. R. H. Clendenin, of Montana, came down on the Rosebud, leaving for the east this morning.

Post trader Moore, of the cantonment, Little Missouri, came in Tuesday on a flying business trip.

Tom Kurtz and Lightning Davis, of the extension, came in to get a square meal, at the Sheridan, Sunday.

E. P. Wells and A. Dickey, formerly of the *Star*, Jamestown, came up last night. They will visit the Bad Lands.

Lieut. Grimes returned last night from his business trip after the cable of Fort Berthold and Yates.

Supt. D. K. Taylor and E. Fabron, of the Missouri division, are in the city this week, accompanied by their families.

Capt. Joseph Leighton, of St. Paul, is in the city this week looking after the interests of the steamer Batchelor.

W. P. McLaughlin, a superintendent of one of the banana farms, visited the city last week. He will invest in a Montana ranch.

Dr. Bentley, of Bismarck, was elected Deputy Grand Master by the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., which convened at Sioux Falls, recently.

W. C. Gooding, of Fort Lincoln, who was married Sunday last to Miss Mary Shuyock, left Monday morning on a wedding tour to Massachusetts.

M. Sherman, Fargo's popular reaper and mower man, (McComick's agent) visited Bismarck this week. Next year the cry will be full of machine men.

Miss Nellie Comford, who has been spending the summer with her sister at Hastings, Minn., returned by last night's train, much improved by her sojourn.

Harry Hollenback was with Messrs. Keen and Greene at the Bad Lands this morning. The party collectively killed one deer, each individually ought to have a credit.

S. L. Driscoll, the cattle king, who owns a large ranch near Deadwood, was in the city this week looking after his heavy shipments of cattle. He will send at least 2,000 head to the Chicago market.

Miss Nellie Brigham, the criticress, who went up to Benton last summer to take charge of the literary department of the *Benton Record*, came down on the Helena, bound for old Boston. The people of the frontier city were not educated up to that point where scintillations from a woman's pen driveth the mind of man to distraction.

Democratic Points.

The democrats have made some points on the supporters of the independent ticket and begin to believe they have a complete walk away on their local ticket. Until two days ago they were badly frightened, and they are getting over that. Since this is so let the republicans brace up, and sustaining every man on their ticket march on to victory. Let them be true, and if defeat does come let the old flag still fly. Let the party organization be perfected at least so that we can go in to the next campaign with a united front. Dakota is a republican territory. It will soon be a republican state. The next congress and the next president will be republican and in order to be entitled even to decent respect we ought to have in this locality a well organized republican party. They let every republican in the firm. Let every republican vote for Mr. LeCompte, for Mr. Wallace and for Mr. Wells and the coffee republican ticket.

Declined.

John Whalen writes THE TRIBUNE to say that he is not a candidate for office and therefore declines the nomination for first cent of the Peace.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY H. B. GIBSON.

Why do you write of the olden story,
Of a young man and a young girl?
Has thy young heart been smitten of glory
That love has brought?—and the end despair!
Didst thou not know that no eyes were true,
That all were false, even the gray
And brown, and black, the blue and blue
Were never constant, and will wander away?

Let me tell you a story of a flower fair
That grew in the woodland quite alone,
A lily tall and fragrant and rare,
A lily that grew in a cold zone.
Death stalked and under the leaves
A vine grew up in slender tendrils fine,
And between the vine and lily breathes
The story so old and yet divine.

At first they were, and looked alike,
And the lily was in her haughty pride,
While the vine was first as knight with lance,
Who cared for women only to deride.
They struggled with fate as many do,
Only to enhance with brighter smile,
And at last with twining arms they kissed, these two,
And saw not, wondered not, all the while.

The lily, so proud and regally tall,
Gave up her heart, gave up her life,
And in the end this was not all,
A rose was given to be a wife.
Time went on; the vine rapidly grew,
The lily slowly had begun to fade;
Forgotten was she, and only the dew
Was distilled from the eyes that God had made.

Brave, generous vine had begun to stry,
And a pretty cithra was reached at last,
While in a fortnight he was far away.
His love was done, 'twas dead and past.
The lily was weeping in her power,
Dismayed at the course of the event vine,
Throwing smiles to Timothy in an hour,
And they were wed. Is this love divine?

MORAL.
If two hearts stray and one is true,
Look for brown eyes and not for blue.
If brown eyes fatter and betray,
Seek consolation in those of gray.
MELBAKKE, WIN.

THE ARCH-DUELIST.

Old Jack Smith, of Missouri.

It was a beautiful morning in May, nearly fifty years ago, when unmistakable doings in the "chief diggings" of Missouri proclaimed one of those stormy holidays then so common among the miners, and coming always on the Christian Sabbath.

Wild-looking bands of men were seen hurrying from all directions toward a central point, shouting as they went, whether on foot or horseback, whether brandishing naked knives, or dueling pistols, or deadly rifles.

"Huzza for Leabum's old diggings! Let's have a greasy day of it—a real soul-smelter!"

Before 10 o'clock the multitude at the appointed rendezvous amounted to more than 1,000, when a huge Ajax from "Old Kaintuck," ascending a huge block of ore, cried out, in a voice of hoarse thunder, "I, Big Pete Whotstone, what folks calls 'Bloody Pete' for short, moves that this ore meotin' comes to order straight, to fix up a rule for the day's sport; and I moves furthermore that we expense with our arms, and do all the fightin' with fists, feet and teeth. What d'ye say to it, boys?"

"Good as galena! It will be glorious sport—Oh, won't it, though?" yelled the crowd, drunk with the new idea, as Emerson would word it.

"Then ground all of your steel and fire-weepers," exclaimed the giant; "and for sure, so you can't any of yessy them out on a tight pinch, let Devil Bill Davis guard 'em with his double barrels."

"Right!" screamed the throng, rejoiced immeasurably at the prospect of a spree with the unusual guarantee of safety to their brains and bowels, and stacking away their murderous implements in one colossal pile under a tree, where Devil Bill Davis took his station, swearing that he would blow to an unmentionable place "the first feller that even looked hungry arter the guns!"

None but the pencil of an artist from pandemonium could sketch a picture of the scene which followed. Although the present writer saw it all, and it was my opening vision in Missouri, I would as soon attempt to limn the likeness of chaos. Let the reader imagine to himself 1,000 drunken rowdies, vagabonds and refugees from every corner of the world, in the maddest state of intoxication, suddenly cut loose from all restraint and turned out on a plain to engage in mutual combat, and he will have a dim conception of the spectacle.

But what seemed to me the strangest fact of the case, the belligerents for the most part appeared to be doing battle in fun, though blood flowed in earnest, and so abundantly as to sicken my very soul. They howled, wrestled, struggled in the dust, tore each other's clothes till hundreds were stark naked, struck, kicked and gouged; and yet, strange to say, not one manifested the slightest sign of anger. It was a sort of grand jubilee of physical force—the saturnalia of soulless animal instinct.

While the perilous sport was going on, and waxing every moment wilder, a party arrived on the ground that instantly arrested my attention. This was a small man, with a small, bony face the color of half-tanned leather, eyes small, black and glittering, like red stars, with hands and feet actually as little as those of a 10-year-old boy, and countenance cold and expressionless as that of a corpse. He held on his shoulder an enormous rifle; two long dueling-pistols depended from each side of his beaded belt, and a silver-hilted knife was tied to the button-hole of his left suspender. He was followed by six huge negroes, armed very much after the same fashion.

The sea of tumultuous gladiators swept round the stranger, and many scowled on him ferociously, but I observed that none ventured to offer him the least personal violence, or even insult; nor did the presence of the Africans call forth a single murmur.

"Who is that?" I inquired of the friend I had accompanied to the mines.

"That is old Jack Smith T.," was the careless answer.

At the sound of that dreadful name I must have turned excessively pale, for I felt my very knees shake beneath me.

"What!" I asked in a whisper, "is that the renowned duelist who has slain ten men in separate affairs of honor?"

"Only nine," replied my companion, and immediately added, as if just then noticing my emotion, "you have heard of him before?"

"Who, of any State west of the Alleghenies, has not heard of old Jack Smith T.?" I answered, shuddering at the bare memory of many a bloody story connected with the notorious name, many of

which had been told to frighten me into good behavior when a child.

"That is true," said my friend; "but you will see some of his feats ere sunset, or I am no veracious prophet."

"God forbid!" was my involuntary yet devout murmur.

At length Big Pete Whotstone separated from the throng of insane rioters, and, approaching old Jack, exclaimed, "Gen. Smith, I don't want to insult you, but it's the opinion of the crowd that you and your niggers ought to stack your weepers like the rest of us."

"If you want my arms, you come and take them!" replied Smith in a voice sharp as a dagger, and with a lurid smile that seemed to scorch the lip on which it writhed.

"Are you mad at me for telling you?" interrogated Big Pete, apologetically.

"I never get mad at dogs; but I kick them when they come in my way," retorted old Jack, brutally.

"Stand up to him, Bloody Pete! You're as dead a shot as he is!" roared the crowd, thirsty for the sight of a duel between two of the most redoubtable champions in all Missouri.

"Let us tight this minute!" shouted Bloody Pete, fairly beside himself with rage from the cool, satanic taunt of his enemy.

"Very well."

"What are your weapons?"

"Rifle pistols."

In a very short time the two foes were put in position by their seconds, twelve steps apart, and stood waiting for the word which should summon one or both to judgment. I could hear the miners all around laying wagers on the result of the awful issue.

"I'll bet you ten tons of lead on old Jack—he shoots in the eye!" said one.

"I'll go it on Bloody Pete!" cried another. "He pops them through the heart!"

At last the order was given.

"Are you ready? Fire—me—two—three!"

With the first ringing tone of the word "fire," old Jack's pistol exploded, and his adversary fell dead without pulling a trigger!

Smith walked up to him and exclaimed, in accents of astonishment, "Well, I made a blamed bad shot! I aimed at his right eye!"

He had hit just one-quarter above the eye-ball! In all his other nine duels the fiend had driven out the center of the right eye, and he always fired so incredibly quick that he could scarcely be said to risk any danger, since his foes generally dropped down corpses without the chance of a shot.

It is easy to conceive what fear and hatred such a man would necessarily inspire by his numerous affairs, always fatal to others, and his astonishing prowess, that had the appearance of some diabolical witchcraft. Accordingly, he was waylaid and fired on, by his hearth, in his bed, at church—always in peril, and yet he ever escaped without a scar!

Do not dream, reader, that I am a romancing. Ask any resident of Missouri and you will find my facts not colored a ray beyond the strictest biographical truth.

It was rumored that he wore impenetrable mail beneath his shirt. Some whispered that he had bartered his soul to the devil for a life insurance for a certain number of years. But in truth he owed his safety to a spell more powerful than any chain-mail ever forged of steel, or than any charm ever brewed in the fires of Tophet—the magical spell of fear! Brave men trembled to behold him, and tremulous hands commonly miss the plainest mark.

"But why did not the community arise en masse and annihilate such a wretch from the realms of space?"

Listen, and hear another phase in that extraordinary character.

Smith possessed immense wealth, but, although rich himself, he hated aristocracy with an intensity to be accounted for alone on the supposition of partial derangement. All his burning sympathies were with the masses. He was the benefactor of the poor, the friend of the feeble, the protector of the oppressed, and the sworn enemy of tyrants the world over. Hence he was idolized by the lower classes, who would go to any lengths, even to the sacrifice of life, in his favor. An anecdote, at once terrible and ludicrous, may be set down here as an illustration of his bias for the poor.

One day Smith saw Gen. M., an opulent and overbearing merchant of St. Louis, insult a poor mechanic in the streets of Heronlanoum. The desperado forthwith assumed the mechanic's quarrel by challenging the great merchant.

Gen. M. replied: "I am as brave a man as ever breathed God's air; but the combat you propose is unequal, for I am almost entirely ignorant of the use of weapons, while you are a perfect master of them all. It is not courage, but your matchless skill, that makes you rush into so many dangers. In your heart you fear death like the veriest coward."

Smith retorted, with a scorching smile: "You say that I rely on my skill, and that in reality I am not braver than others. You say also that you are brave. Now I offer a certain method of settling both questions. I challenge you to go to the top of the bluff by the grand shot-tower, to have our right hands tied fast together, and see which of us two can leap the farthest down hill toward hell! What do you say to that, coward?"

Gen. M. turned pale, and for a moment seemed undecided, but a hundred eyes were upon him, and he saw Smith's horsehair raised to strike if he refused.

"I accept," was the gasping answer. The seconds were chosen on the spot, and the parties proceeded to the grand shot-tower, followed by the whole population of the village. The precipice was a perpendicular wall, many hundred feet in height. Old Jack stood on the horrible verge, cool, apparently happy, and whistling a merry tune. But Gen. M. was nervous and agitated, and cast beseeching looks toward the crowd of spectators, as if hoping to see some mutual friend step forward to negotiate a compromise. Nobody, however, moved or uttered a word, for all held their breath in horror, and every head swam with sudden dizziness at the dreadful prospect.

Having consulted and arranged preliminaries, one of the seconds pulled from his pocket a strong silk handkerchief to tie the wrists of the two foes together, and, advancing toward the frightful brink, exclaimed aloud:

"Now, gentlemen, are you ready?" "I am," shouted old Jack, in tones that rung among the hills till they all echoed again, and immediately commenced singing a favorite ditty:

Away down in the Cherokee nation,
With a pretty little wife and a big plantation,
Gen. M. shuddered convulsively, and, looking as if he was about to swoon, stammered out, "Why, gentlemen, this—this—is no honorable duel, but downright suicide. We are both certain to be killed!"

"To be sure we will, and that's the fun of the thing," replied Smith. And he made a movement as if he would seize his adversary and drag him over the precipice. But the General could endure the agony no longer. With the first step of old Jack toward him he took to his heels, and ran away with the speed of a scared wolf, while a roar of laughter followed on the wind behind him.

To enumerate all the desperate achievements of Jack Smith would fill volumes. He fought two land speculators at once—rich men, who were buying up the homes of the poor—and slew them both. He was ever foremost in campaigns against the Indians. He was a father to the orphan and a husband to the bereaved widow. His own wife loved him with a deep, devoted passion. His two beautiful daughters worshipped him as a being more than mortal, and every one of his fifty slaves was always ready to lay down his life for his protection.

Marvelous phenomenon, truly! What the man of vengeance, so fierce and fearful to his foes—whose dwelling was surrounded by the bones of the dead, and the very lintels of whose doors were stained with blood-spots—who was ugly as a satyr, and hardly less hairy than a black bear—to possess a heart within his bosom notwithstanding, a heart to love, and to be adored by those blessed angels of the altar whose heaven is the heartstone of the beloved!

He has now been dead more than twenty years, but his memory still blooms green and fresh in the souls of the poor, who, forgetting all the cruelties to others, feel only that their tenderest, truest friend has gone away from the earth.

Yes, he is gone—that most terrible duelist that the old monster Time ever saw and conquered! He was buried, by his own previous order, like some wild, savage war-chief, with his rifle in his hand, and his long knife naked on his bosom!

Let no one gaze into the deep, dark night, where the dead man vanished, or gaze only with that eye of hoping, trustful love, which, self-luminous as a living star, can irradiate with eternal brilliance the mournful gloom—the blackness of sin—and even the sunless sable of the grave.

Feeding on One's Self.

When the human body suffers from a lack of food it practically feeds upon itself and absorbs its own substance as food. Every one knows that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel or those of the Indian cattle visibly decrease, and may disappear altogether, if the animals are starved. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigency of hunger. So it is with the bears and other animals which hibernate or sleep through the winter's cold. The bear, which in autumn retires to winter quarters in a well-favored condition, comes forth in spring lean and meagre. His fats have been absorbed in his nutrition, and the succeeding summer will lay the foundation of new stores of staple food to be utilized during the next winter. With man, we repeat, the phenomena of starvation are essentially similar. In the starving man the fats of the body are the first substances to disappear. The fats lose weight to the extent of 93 per cent; next in order the blood suffers; then the internal organs, such as liver and spleen, suffer; the muscles, bones, and nervous system being the last to lose weight. In due time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is really a case of death from loss of heat. When the temperature falls to about 30 deg. Fahrenheit death ensues. This decrease arises from the want of bodily fuel or food; but the immediate cause of the fatal ending of such a case is decrease of temperature. It is likewise a curious fact that the application of external warmth is even more effectual in reviving animals dying of starvation than a supply of food. In exhausting diseases in man, in which the phenomena are strikingly like, and, indeed, thoroughly analogous to those of starvation, the same facts are observed.—Chambers' Journal.

Do Animals Reason?

In the Penn Monthly W. W. Kinsley gives facts to show that our poor relations, the brutes, are endowed with the faculty of reason. A clergyman testifies that he observed a fox playing in an enclosure where there were swine and their young. At length he seized a black about as large as one of the pigs and dashed through the fence, of course without alarming the mother sow. Finding that the hole was large enough, and that he was not pursued, he returned and carried off a pig without exciting disturbance.

Bishop Wilson knew an elephant whose blind eye was cauterized by a surgeon, causing the poor beast to yell, but curing him. By-and-by the other eye had to be operated upon with nitrate of silver, and they feared the elephant would fly at the same doctor; but he received him kindly, and submitted at once to the operation.

Huber one day saw a piece of comb fall in a hive, because the supports were too weak. The bees first fixed under it temporary supports, then fastened it securely to the sides of the hive, then cut away the pillars which obstructed their pathway. They probably never had such an exigency before. Instinct would never have suggested blocking up their own road to the unfilled combs; and then there must have been some consultation to enlist their whole force in the work.

When to Take a Bath.

There is no practice more objectionable than to go to bed closely wrapped up in the dust and dirt that accumulate on the surface of the body during the day; nor is there anything so conducive to sound sleep as a tepid douche just before getting into bed. Many bad sleepers become the best of sleepers from the adoption of this simple rule.

A TINY TRAGEDY.

SPASM I.
He rose up in the morning—then
He broke her lovely head;
He was the very worst of men,
That patient lady said.

SPASM II.
She thought a pound of arsenic, and
She put it in his beer;
He said he could not understand
What made him feel so queer.

SPASM III.
He died that night; his awful curse
Upon her head was heard;
But she declared she felt no worse—
And married Major Third!

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

The Immense Glaciers of Alaska.

The study of the geology of California enabled Prof. Whitney, and others, to point out the traces of immense glaciers which at a time geologically recent had existed in the mountains of Sierra Nevada. The climate and the diminution of the rainfall, consequent upon comparatively recent geological changes, have, however, caused the disappearance of the greatest part of these, and it was not till 1870 that Mr. Clarence King discovered actual glaciers on the north side of the extinct volcano of Shasta in Northern California.

From the summit of Shasta, 14,400 feet above the sea, we look down on three considerable glaciers. One of these has a breadth of three or four miles, and sends branches four or five miles down the canyons. Its thickness is estimated in places to be at least 1,800 feet, and its surface presents great crevasses, two of them 4,000 feet long, and thirty or forty feet wide. Glaciers have also been found on Mount Rainier, or Tachona, Washington Territory, on Mount Hood, in Oregon, and in Alaska.

Much more would be known about the glaciers of Alaska but for its comparatively recent settlement, the thinness of its population even now, and the difficulty of scientific observation.

The Stikine is perhaps better known than any other river in Alaska, because of its being the way back to the Cassiar gold mines. It is about 350 or 400 miles long, and navigable for small steamers 150 miles, flowing first in a general westerly direction, through grassy, undulating plains, darkened here and there with patches of evergreens, then curving southward, and receiving numerous tributaries from the north, it enters the coast-range and sweeps across it to the sea through a valley more than 100 miles long, and one to three miles wide at the bottom, and from 5,000 to 8,000 feet deep, marvelously beautiful and inspiring from end to end. To the appreciative observer sailing up the river through the midst of it all, the canon for the distance of about 110 miles is a gallery of sublime pictures, an unbroken series of majestic mountains, glaciers, falls, cascades, forests, groves, flowery garden spots, grassy meadows in endless variety of form and composition—furniture enough for a dozen Yosemite—while back of the walls, and thousands of feet above them, innumerable peaks and spires and domes of ice and snow tower grandly into the sky.

About fifteen miles above the mouth of the river you come to the first of the great glaciers, pouring down through the forest in a shattered ice-cascade nearly to the level of the river. Here the canon is about two miles wide, planted with cottonwoods along the banks of the river, and spruce, and fir, and patches of wild rose and raspberry extend back to the grand Yosemite falls. Twelve miles back to this point a noble view is opened along the Skoot River canon—a group of glacier-laden Alps from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, the source of the largest tributary of the Stikine.

Thirty-five miles above the mouth of the river the most striking object of all comes in sight. This is the lower expanded part of the great glacier, measuring about six miles around the snout, pushed boldly forward into the middle of the valley among the trees, while its sources are mostly hidden. It takes its rise in the heart of the range, thirty or forty miles away. Compared with this the "Swiss mer de glace" is a small thing. It is called the "Ice Mountain," and seems to have been regarded as a motionless mass, created on the spot, like the rocks and trees about, without venturing to guess as to how or when. The front of the snout is about 300 feet high, but rises rapidly back for a few miles to a height of about 1,000 feet.

Seen through gaps of the trees growing on one of its terminal moraines, as you sail slowly along against the current, the marvelous beauty of the chasms and clustered pinnacles shows to fine advantage in the sunshine. Forbes, Tyndall, Ramsay, Merriam, Hayes, and other observers, have written much about the wonderful glaciers of other parts of the world, and yet the mystery of the exact period of the origin of these great masses of ice in Alaska is seldom referred to.

A Swift Runner.

Talk about your walking matches! Why, a good Indian runner can easily do his one hundred and twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours, without making any special effort, either. No tedious training in that case! One of the most interesting races in the world is that between an Apache Indian and a deer. The deer starts at full speed, making long leaps of from ten to thirty feet. At first he gains rapidly on the Indian, but the Indian follows, every now and then uttering frightful yells, but never for a moment leaving or losing the trail. The deer, when out of sight, halts and looks back, but soon his pursuer comes in his sight, when he bounds on with longer leaps than at first; finally he makes for the water—spring or stream—and when he gets there he halts and drinks all he wants. Now there is no hope for him, for after he drinks he cannot run so far or leap so far. Pretty soon the Indian comes in sight again, while the tired deer rests a moment; but the tired hunter never halts to drink, not if his mouth is as dry as ashes, for by doing so he not only loses time, but he cannot run so fast afterward. Over hill and mountain they go, never resting, the Apache ever in hot pursuit. By-and-by the Indian sees a blood stain on a rock, where the deer has stumbled and skinned his knee or struck his nose. He knows now the race will soon be ended, and runs faster than at first, while the deer loses ground every minute. When the deer sees the Apache close upon him he stops suddenly by a rock or bush and turns. Sometimes as

soon as he stops he drops down fainting, or even dead, from fatigue. If not dead already when the Indian seizes him by the head and hind legs, he makes but little resistance, and is dispatched with the knife. The hunter now cuts out a fine piece and eats it, taking not a moment's rest for fear of getting stiff, but puts the deer on his shoulder, or, if too heavy, a part of it, placing the rest in a secure place, and then trots back to his camp, having traveled perhaps a hundred miles without resting. The next day some one will take the back rail for the balance of the game.

Seven Times a Widow at Forty.

For the benefit of that venturesome class of people who, like those possessed of an irresistible desire to risk their lives among savage African tribes, would—the sad shipwrecks of so many of their friends notwithstanding—venture on the treacherous sea of matrimony—for their benefit, I repeat, it becomes an imperative duty for me to make known a unique chance of connubial bliss which has lately come to my notice. It is of Katharina Chasna, of Verbo, in Upper Hungary, that I speak, and let him that would secure a prize in the marriage market hasten to the land of pomade and paprika, and without a moment's delay make her his own. For time is pressing; she has often been snapped up, and will in all probability be very soon snapped up again. A wife who thoroughly understands her social duties, and who is perfect in her paces, is, I take it, universally acknowledged to be a "desideratum," and if the lady I have now the honor to introduce to public notice does not fulfill this condition, then nobody ever will. For, like her sister in holy writ, she has had seven husbands, and the last one has just died. Here, however, the simile comes to an end; for, instead of the sevenfold widow following her masters, Katharina Chasna is as sound as a bell, and if what is generally said be true—has but one anxiety in life, and that is to get married—"sobald als möglich!" Our heroine—surely she must be a heroine—first married at 17. She began her crusade against the opposite sex modestly enough, for she selected a shoemaker, who, however, succumbed to consumption at the end of fifteen months. He hardly lasted as long as one of his own pairs of shoes—best quality. Number two was a much-tougher customer. He entered the list at the ripe age of 87, held out 13 years, and died a fortnight after his 100th birthday. How long he would have lasted under favorable conditions is an interesting but now bootless speculation. This affair so preyed on Katharina's mind that she was fain to marry within one month for consolation, and this time it was a widower, who, however, came to a watery grave, for he died of dropsy after four years of bliss. All this ill luck was beginning to tell on Katharina's spirits, and she determined now to invest in something "warranted to last." She lent a modest ear to the burning tale of a stalwart farmer of 28, but alas! he succumbed to an "accident," almost before the expiration of the honeymoon (whether he committed suicide is not clear). I will spare you the next three husbands, the last of whom died on Wednesday. Suffice it that a fate seemed to pursue them all and hustled them one after the other into the "great unknown." If Katharina does not marry again soon it will be her own fault, for several suitors are after her. Although between 40 and 45, she is still strikingly handsome, has a splendid figure, abundant black hair, and does not look a day over 35. But, ah, well-a-day! she has cast her flashing eyes on a youth of 21, who is himself over head and ears in love with someone else. The Mayor of a neighboring town, a rich widower of 77, is said to have become quite childish on the subject of Katharina, and humbly mumbles his suit. She will doubtless take him out of "pique."—Vienna Cor. London Globe.

Sales of Public Lands.

Commissioner Williamson, of the General Land Office, has prepared a statement showing the number of acres of public lands disposed of for cash and under the Homestead and Timber-Culture acts during the last ten fiscal years—1871 to 1880 inclusive. From this statement it appears that there was a falling off in the number of acres disposed of in all three classes of land from 1871 to 1875-76, and that since the latter year there has been a gradual increase in the number of acres disposed of. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1871, there were disposed of for cash 1,389,982 acres, and under the Homestead acts 4,600,326 acres. The sales gradually fell off each succeeding year until 1875, when but 2,356,057 acres were disposed of under the Homestead acts, and in 1876 only 640,691 acres were sold for cash.

Since that period there has been a gradual increase in sales and allotments, resulting in 1880 in the sale of 1,455,724 acres for cash, and the disposal of 6,070,507 acres under the Homestead acts. The Timber-Culture law was not enacted until 1873, and under it, in 1875, 464,870 acres were disposed of. Since 1875 the same noticeable increase observed in the sales for cash and allotments under the Homestead laws had occurred in the disposal of lands under the Timber-Culture act, so that in 1880 the allotments under this law aggregated 2,129,705 acres.

Juvenile Smokers.

A British physician, observing the large number of boys under 15 years of age on the streets with cigars and pipes in their mouths, was prompted to examine the breath of this class of smokers, and for that purpose selected thirty-eight boys between the ages of 9 and 15. In twenty-two of these cases he found various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mouth caused by tobacco. The doctor treated them for their ailments, but with little effect until the habit of smoking was discontinued, when breath and strength were soon restored. The effect of tobacco in creating a taste for strong drink is unquestionably very great. If the testimony of some tobacco users and medical men is of any weight, one of the most radical methods of keeping the young from being led to intemperate drinking is to deny them tobacco.—The Sanitarian.

A FIFTY-EIGHT DAYS' FAST.

A French Prisoner Who Beat Dr. Tanner—The Phenomena of Starvation.

[From the London Standard.]
Ann Moore, the famous fasting woman of Tisbury, pretended to have lived for eight years entirely without food. A watch committee was appointed, which detected the fraud in a very ingenious manner. The bed and bedding, with the woman in it, were placed on a delicate weighing machine, which resulted in the inevitable exposure. At the expiration of the ninth day of this strict watching, being warned that she was sinking, she acknowledged her imposture, and admitted—which is an important fact—that, so long as the watch upon her was but imperfect, her daughter had contrived, when washing her face, to feed her every morning by using towels made very wet with gravy, milk, and other nourishing fluids, and had also when kissing her contrived to convey small portions of solid food from mouth to mouth. Guillaume Granet, a prisoner at Toulon, resorted to starvation to avoid punishment. For the first seven days the symptoms were not very remarkable. After that period he was compelled to drink water to relieve his raging thirst, and after lingering on in terrible agony, he died in convulsions of the fifty-eighth day. The case is reported by Van Swieten. There is no doubt as to its truth, and it shows that up to the present, at any rate, Dr. Tanner has at the most only done what others have done before him. Vitorbi, a Corsican, condemned to death for the assassination of Frediani, resolved to starve himself to death. He died on the twenty-first day. He, too, occasionally moistened his mouth with water. The medical details of his case, which are very horrible, will be found in Paris' "Medical Jurisprudence." Of actual starvation, the most remarkable example is, perhaps, that reported by Dr. Sloane, of Ayr. "A man, some 65 years of age, a spare habit of body, and uncommonly vigorous for his time of life, was accidentally incarcerated in a coal mine for twenty-three days, during the first few of which he had access to water strongly impregnated with iron. He then became unable to move, and had unfortunately fallen some distance from the water. In this instance, Dr. Sloane thinks that an impure atmosphere, by lowering the vital powers, might tend to slightly prolong life under circumstances of privation. The unhappy man died on the third day after his removal." In 1866, Capt. Casey, of the James Lowden, passed twenty-eight days in an open boat without food or water. He contrived, however, to drink as much rain as he could collect, and it is possible, of course, that he may have chewed fragments of his clothes. Thus, then, so far as ascertained cases go, life has actually, on one occasion, been sustained for fifty-eight days without food, but not without water.

Referring to the cases which occurred during the Irish famine of 1847, Dr. Donovan says: "They described the pain of hunger as at first very acute, but said that after twenty-four hours had passed without food the pain subsided and was succeeded by a feeling of weakness and sinking, experienced principally in the epigastric region, accompanied with insatiable thirst, a strong desire for cold water, and a distressing feeling of coldness over the entire surface of the body. In a short time the face and limbs became horribly emaciated, the eyes acquired a most peculiar stare; the skin exhaled peculiar and offensive odor, and was covered with a brownish, filthy-looking coating, almost as indelible as varnish. This he was at first inclined to regard as incrustated filth, but further experience convinced him that it was a secretion poured out from the exhalants on the surface of the body. The sufferer tottered in walking like a drunken man; his voice became weak, like that of a person in cholera; he whined like a child, and burst into tears on the slightest occasion. In respect to the mental faculties, their prostration kept pace with the general wreck of bodily power; in many there was a state of imbecility; in some almost complete idiocy; but in no instance was there delirium or mania, which is often described as a consequence of protracted abstinence among shipwrecked mariners."

The Lord's Prayer.

As indicating the changes which the English language has undergone during the last six centuries, some old English forms of the Lord's prayer possess a curious interest:

A. D. 1258.
"Fadr ure in heuene, halweide beoth thy name, cunne thi kumenc that wille beo don in heuene and on erthe. The enyghd dawe bried gif us thilk dawe. And wozif ure dettes as wi voriten ure dettours. And lede us not into temptation. But deliuer us of yvel. Amen."

A. D. 1300.
"Fadr our in heuene, halweyl by thi name, thy kingdom come. Thy wille be done us in heuene and on erthe. Our ureche dawe bried give us to-day. And forgyve us ure dettes as we forgyve our dettours. And lede us not into temptation. But deliuer us of yvel. Amen."

A. D. 1582.
"Ovr father which art in heuene, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heuene in earth also. Give us to-day our super substantial bread. And lead us not into temptation. But deliuer us from evil. Amen."

A. D. 1611.
"Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

An English curate happened to preach on the wages of sin, and to make some uncomplimentary references to the prodigal son. A young scapegrace in the congregation fancied the sermon was aimed at himself. He horsewhipped the curate

[Written for The Chicago Ledger.]
THE "MITTEN."
BY J. W. HATTON.
I read your letter, Daisy—
Read it over and over,
But I'll think of thee no more!
It is your wish, and, surely,
"A foolish love" like mine,
"Born of fancy" purely,
Should "never hope" for thine.
But, bless your soul! I could not,
Could not help it, dear;
But, knowing all, I strive not
To "shed a single tear!"
But, having loved sincerely,
"This kind of" hard to part;
Indeed, it wounds severely—
Almost breaks my heart!
But there's one consolation:
The man you're going to wed
Is far below your station—
How the reddish kind of head!
I hope you will be happy;
May children bless your home—
Have freckles, like their papa,
And heads as hard to comb.
COLUMBIA, MO.

[Written for The Chicago Ledger.]
THE "DESAVING WIDDY."
How Peter Mulrooney Married Her.
Some two years subsequent to my parting with Peter Mulrooney I chanced to fall in with him again in rather an unexpected manner. Business of some importance having taken me to the city, I was traversing pretty rapidly one of its meaner streets, when I heard myself suddenly hailed by name in an accent peculiarly Irish; and, turning round, discovered Peter approaching me with his usual loping gait. He was so altered in his habits from the picture I vividly retained in my memory of the blundering, blarneying Irishman who took my cow to market, that if it had not been for his voice I dare say I should have passed him without recognition. But the voice—that voice—it was Peter's peculiar shibboleth.

Mr. Mulrooney, whom I only remembered in a bluish-gray coat, a light, flexible hat, and thick brogues, was now dressed in a threadbare suit of black, a silk hat with the crown sunk in and well worn at the edges, and a pair of thin dress boots elaborately patched. With his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his greasy hat thrust jauntily on one side of his head, he reminded me more of one of those needy actors, whose personal appearance is so often stereotyped as of this fashion in the novels of the day. My words naturally took the color of my thoughts.

"Why, Mulrooney," said I, "is that you? What are you playing now?"
"Faix, Mr. Urbin," he replied, "it's little ye'd be after guessin' if ye thyrred over so much. Sure it's a grate gentleman I am since I left sarvice an' set up for myself."

"A gentleman! What sort of a gentleman, Peter?"

"Misther Mulrooney, if ye please," said he, correcting my familiarity with one of his droll looks. "Och, but it's a rare country this is, anyway! Began the wather it was Pether here an' Pether there, till sorra a bit I know'd of any other name but Pether. But here, the conversation of the ladies an' gentlemen is illigant in the extreme, and the grate politeness, in their correspondence wid me, writes the beautifullest letters, shuperscribin' them, Misther Mulrooney, Esquire." Faix! it bates Banagher, any how, an' that's not sayin' a great deal."

"I am glad to hear you are getting along in the world so famously."
"Aisey, sir, aisey. Lashins of aitin' and drinkin' without any constitutional objections. It's mighty little work I have to do any way. I am a professional gentleman, Mr. Urbin, an—"

"Oh, Mister Mulrooney!"
"Arrah, sir, but it's thrue as the day! It's a politishner I am, wid a grate janus for fightin'! Och! but it's wonderful busy they kape me 'leshan days knockin' down the inimy."

"Which party do you call the inimy?"
"Sorra a bit I know," said Peter, shrugging his shoulders; then, casting toward me one of his queer, side-long looks, he added, "I'm thinkin', sir, 'tis the Pat-rotic party meself does belong to."

"And so you get well paid, and well fed for your services, do you?"
"If promises 'ud fatten a man, I'd be as big as the prize ox, that I would. But sure they'll kape some of them, I think; and then it's to be a magister I am, and dale out the law to the vagabones. Och, 'tis a beautiful business."

"A magistrate? Can you read and write?"
"Aye! What 'ud I be good for if I couldn't?" said Peter, evasively. "Sorra bit it matters; 'tis a strong mark I make, and that's not aisy to rub out, anyway."

"Take my advice, Mulrooney, and go to work. Ditch, dig cellars, break stones upon a road—do anything rather than suffer yourself to be made the tool of designing men, who will use your services so long as they are beneficial to them, and cast you off as soon as their ambitious projects are achieved. Now, as for a living, it is very easy for you, being a single man—"

"It's married that I am!" said Peter, groaning.

"Married! I exclaimed, "and in your circumstances? What folly!"
"Troth ye may say that, yer Honor," said Peter, penitently. "But Misthress Connolly was a widdy. Och, but 'tis the desavengin' craythurs they are all the world over. Aye! he continued turning toward me with a look of half-humorous sorrow, "twas a widdy cow I divv to mark t'at time, Misther Urbin."

"Was she a countrywoman of yours?" I inquired.
"Does your Honor be thinkin' 'tis an Ameriky woman could chate me in that way?" said Peter, indignantly. "Sure, 'tisn't in the likes of them to do the thrack."

"But how came this about, Peter?"

"Aye! but luck's soon tould. I boarded wid her."

"And so, Irishman-like, you must needs fall in love with the landlady and court her?"

"It's mighty little love I had for big Misthress Connolly, anyway. As for the courtin', 'tis a natheral fallin' o' mine to be spakin' soft words to the faymles of a family; and sure it was natheral beside, to kape Misthress Connolly's mind as aisy as an old shoe while I owed her for my board."

"And that is the way you came to be married, is it?"
"Aye, sir, 'tis the strangest thing! Och, Michael Connolly, why did ye die? Bad cess to me that iver I should live to be desaved by a fat woman of 50. But, sure, the quarters wor so pleasant, Misther Urbin," continued Peter, apologetically, "and Misthress Connolly so tenderly interestin' wid her heart bruk into pieces wid the sorrow that was in it—oh! but 'tis strong enough now—that I thought it 'ud be a marcelous interposition to comfort her anyhow."

"And so you courted her, I suppose?"
"Och, but it was a pretty sight to see the way I did it," replied Peter, with one of his rich laughs. "Twass the beautifullest specimen of the effects of blarney that has been seen since St. Patrick put his comether upon the sarpints."

"What could you expect, then, but marriage, as a consequence?"
"Faix, it's little I thought about it at all, and less I liked it. Sure I tould the ould woman I was a single man, and swore by the pipers that I intended to remain so."

"Then you should never have sought to gain her affections; it would have been cruel to serve the poor creature so, and desert her afterward."

"Affections? Musha! 'tis her affections wor moldy many a long day ago!" exclaimed Peter.

"Well, you married her at all events," said I, impatiently.

"Faix, I dunno; but I does be thinkin' 'twass she married me. One night there wor some of the ould country people at the house, and we talked about the ould times, and after a while there was lashins of whisky put on the table, and we talked, and dranked again, till it's my serious opinion that my sinces left me intirely, and niver came back till I found meself in bed nixt mornin', mighty oneasy in my mind, and wonderin' how I got into Misthress Connolly's room instead of my own. While I was schaming out an apology, who should come to the door but Misthress Connolly herself."

"Misther Mulrooney," sez she, wid a deep blush, "how do you find yerself this mornin'?"

"Pretty well, thank ye, mem," sez I, "barrin' the dryness of my mouth."

"Is it dry ye are?" sez she, as soft as butter. "Faix, that's aisy mended anyhow. Would you like a drop of sperits, Misther Mulrooney?"

"Deed an' I would, av it be plaslin' ye, Misthress Connolly," sez I.

"Och, Pether, dear, sure it's Misthress Mulrooney you must call me now," sez she.

"I'd be pleased to call ye anything that's decent and proper, acushla," sez I, tinkerly, for the thirst was consuming me.

"Och, but it's the quare man ye are," sez she, laughin'. "Sure I was in luck the day ye came to board at my house."

"Ye may say that," sez I, "for I am a gentleman of an anshent family, an' it's not always ye're favored wid the like, Misthress Connolly."

"Mulrooney," sez she, correctin' me.

"Mem?" sez I.

"Ye must call me Mulrooney now," sez she.

"Wid all me heart," sez I, "if ye like the name better nor yer own; but 'tis not a marryin' man I am."

"Troth, Pether dear," sez she, "I hope ye'll niver be after marryin' a second time."

"Faix, an' it's little I'll be thinkin' about marriage, first or second," sez I.

"Och! wirra, wirra!" sez she, "only to hear him! As if he didn't give Pether Hennessy a good silver dollar for makin' us man and wife last night."

"Misthress Connolly," sez I, starin' wid amazement, "sure it's a jokin' ye are."

"Not a bit av it, Pether dear," sez she, laughin', and holdin' up a slip of paper, "by the same token that this is the certificate of the priest that I hould in my hand."

"Be my sowl, then," sez I, "Misthress Connolly, ye may call the certificate yer husband, for sorra a thing will I have to do wid it."

"Mulrooney!" sez she, "do you deny the ring upon my finger?"

"Sorra a bit I care about the goold ring," sez I, jumpin' out of bed. "Will it be pleasin' ye to go out of the room while I dress meself."

"Och, I'll lave ye, wid all my heart," sez she, snatchin' up my clothes. "But it's little ye'll have to dress wid till ye come to yer sinces, Pether Mulrooney."

"And by this, and by that, Misther Urbin, she tuck my garments under her arm, and went out and looked the door, lavin' me in the empty room wid myself."

"Tear and ages!" sez I to myself, when she was goin', "tis chated I am intirely; but maybe 'tis only funnin' she is atther all. Aye! what'll I do?"

"Tis a great comfort there's a bed in the room. Shure she won't starve me; mighty onasey I am, anyhow, and that's thrue."

"So you went to bed again. Well, what came next?"

"Twelve mortal hours I laid there, widout atin' or drinkin'; and then Misthress Connolly knocked at the door."

"Pether, dear," sez she.

"Oh! you northern woman," sez I. "Tis kilt I am with the hunger."

"Am I Misthress Mulrooney?" sez she, spakin' through the key-hole. "Am I yer hawid wife?"

"Be my faix, it's blue-molded I'll be before I say so, Biddy Connolly."

"Biddy Mulrooney!" sez she.

"Connolly!" sez I.

"Let me out," sez I, "or I'll die the night!"
"Deed, Pether achora, it 'ud be plaslin' to me to do it av ye wor in yer right head; but the time's not come yet, I see," sez she; and, wid that, downstairs she trotted agin."

"Och, but I suffered wid the hunger pain, Misther Urbin, till I could bear it no longer. I knocked at the door, and called out: 'Misthress Connolly, Misthress Connolly, let me spake to ye.'"

"There is no Misthress Connolly now," sez a dirty little colleen from the outside; 'shure she was married last night, and her name's Mulrooney."

"Tell Biddy Mul — Mulrooney to come here, thin," sez I. Och, but I choked to spake it. After a little while I heard her comin' up the stairs."

"Did you call, Pether darlint?" sez the fat old desaver.

"Troth, I believe I did," sez I. "What'll I do for ye, husband?" sez she.

"It's starvin' I am," sez I. "Was I married last night?" sez she. "Sorra a bit I know," sez I.

"Spake out, Pether dear; I don't hear ye," sez she.

"Tear an' ages!" sez I. "Didn't ye marry meself, Pether?" sez she.

"Divil a one o' me knows," sez I. "What do ye say, Pether dear?" sez she.

"Shure, Father Hennessy knows I did," sez I, desperately; and wid that the door was flung open, and wid a loud laugh in comes Misthress Mulrooney, wid Father Hennessy, and half a dozen acquaintances, and throws herself into my arms and begs my pardin over and over again. And that is the way, Misther Urbin, I was desaved into marryin' Misthress Connolly—Mulrooney I mane."

Spontaneous Combustion.
"That animal bodies are liable to spontaneous combustion," says Prof. Weissman, "is a fact which was well-known to the ancients. Many cases have been adduced as examples, which were no doubt merely cases of individuals who were highly susceptible to strong electrical excitation."

A certain gentleman, known to the professor, on a cold, keen winter night, retired to his chilly sleeping-room. He had worn silk stockings over his woolen ones during the day. On undressing for bed, as he drew off his silk stockings, he heard a sharp, crackling noise, but paid no special attention to it. In the morning, on looking for his stockings, he found them consumed to ashes, without having set fire to the chair on which they were laid. Still more wonderful and awful is the assurance that the wife of Dr. Trellis, physician to the late Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, emitted inflammable perspiration of such a nature that when the ribbon she wore was taken from her and exposed to the cold air it instantly took fire, and flashed with sparks of fire like a lively "Roman candle."

And Prof. Haffmeister, in the "Berlin Transactions," 1875, records a case of the same nature respecting a peasant, whose linen took fire, whether it was laid up in a box, when wet or hung up in the open air. A case of this kind recently occurred at the abattoir in Jersey City. During the recent spell of hot weather one of the workmen threw on his blue-linen blouse, smoking with perspiration. It was hung up in the ice-house. In a few minutes it burst into a conflagration of sparks and literally consumed itself.

One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion on record is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi, of Cesena, Italy. The lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent about three hours in familiar conversation with her maid and in saying her prayers, and, having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As the maid was not summoned at the usual hour she went into the bedroom to summon her mistress, but, receiving no answer, she opened the window and saw the corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes; part of the body was half burnt, the stockings remaining unburned; most of the body was reduced to ashes. The air in the room was charged with floating soot (animal carbon). The bed was not injured. From an examination of all the circumstances of the case it was generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself, and that on the way to open the window the combustion had overpowered her and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could ignite the furniture on the floor.

Paper Barrels.
A company in Connecticut make barrels, kegs and cans from paper pulp, which is done wholly by pressure by screw or toggle joint, or both combined. The barrel is made on a shape or form to make the inside, and outside of this is another to make the outside, the inner form being hinged in sections to admit of its folding on itself for the removal of the barrel; the outer form contracts by the action of screws, self-operating, during the process of shaping the barrels. One machine is capable of producing 200 barrels per day. The heads of the barrels are produced by similar means, but on a much simpler machine. These are disks with a rim slightly projecting on one face. In some cases both heads are cemented in and straightened by an iron hoop at each end. When removed from the machines the barrels, kegs, heads, etc., are placed in a kiln or drying room, where they remain from three to twenty-four hours, according to size and degree of heat admitted to the room. The barrels are coated inside when required by a resistant varnish, and are painted or varnished outside. They are adapted for flour, sugar and any dry substances, for kerosene, lard, or any liquid, and kegs are made for powder, and cans for other materials. The vessels are said to be practically indestructible, cannot leak, are light and easily handled.

An eccentric Englishman, long a resident of Paris, has just committed suicide, after having devoted twenty years to a strange mania. Every six months he had a coffin made for himself. Each was too long, too short, or uncomfortable in some way, until the last proved perfect. Having no other object in life, he killed himself.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

A Curious Account of the Origin of the Well-Known Nursery Story.
As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recalls the delight with which he repeats that puerile, jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, says a writer in the London *Congregational Magazine*, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodation and altered translation of an ancient paratall tale sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldean language, is now lying before me, and I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. M. Lebrecht, Leipzig, 1731. The hymn itself is found in *Sepher Hagga'dah*, volume 23.

1. A kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the ass, and ate the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the ass,
That ate the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the ass,
That ate the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the chahiphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

He Preferred the Gout.

In the following written prescription, addressed by a medical man, resident at Roemershansen, in the district of Cassel, to one of his patients, will be found a new and somewhat remarkable cure for gout: "I have measured your baptismal name, and assured myself quite exactly that it exhibits fully an inch-length of gout. This is deplorable; but, if you have faith in my treatment, I propose, with God's help, to cure your malady for as long as you shall live. This I shall do on the 15th, 16th and 17th of the month. But, ere those days arrive, I shall have mitigated your sufferings. This is what you will have to do upon the days in question. You must not drink too much milk in your coffee nor eat pork; upon no account must you step across water, nor, indeed, meddle in any way with that liquid. Keep yourself nice and warm, preferably in bed; the more rapidly will you get better. You may drink a little water, but it must be drawn by somebody else. But, whatever may be promised to you in the meantime, have nothing to do with it. Nothing will do you any good but my treatment." The recipient of this extraordinary prescription, like a late distinguished nobleman, who had tried a certain novel wine recommended to him as an effectual means of warding off his hereditary disease, replied, in effect, "I prefer the gout."—*London Telegraph*.

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For Territorial Congress.

John F. Wallace.

For Territorial Legislature.

E. P. Wells.

For District Attorney.

W. F. Ball.

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For Surveyor—W. M. MCCOY.

For Coroner—W. A. BENTLEY.

For Assessor—W. M. WOODS.

For Probate Judge—DAVID STEWART.

For Surveyor—JOHN BOWEN.

For County Commissioners—JOHN J. STEWART, JOHN SATTERDALE, JOHN YERGEN.

For Justices of the Peace—DAVID STEWART, W. M. FALCONER, O. STEVENSON, G. H. CLARK, HENRY R. WARD.

For County Constables—JOHN MURRAY, M. O'BRIEN, W. H. S. MURRAY, LAWRENCE MOORE, PETER COX, W. M. WATSON.

VOTERS.

Be on hand when the polls are about to be opened and see that good and true men, whether democrats or republicans, are selected to fill any vacancies that may occur in the judges of election. Let every man entitled to vote have an opportunity to do so and see that his vote is counted as it is cast. Watch it you do not pray and see that no opportunity to reverse the will of the people is given to anybody.

SEND IN THE RETURNS.

Send THE TRIBUNE the returns from every precinct at the earliest possible moment after election. From up country by mail; from the railroad points by telegraph. Any reasonable bill for this service will be promptly paid. The favor will be appreciated beside.

FARMERS, mechanics and laboring men should see that John F. Wallace is on their ticket for the Council.

If you want a live man in the Legislature vote for E. P. Wells, of Stutsman County, and this district will not be neglected.

Mr. WALLACE, the republican candidate for the council, made a very effective speech at Mandan Saturday night. Mr. Wallace talks right to the point, never talks anything he does not mean and never wastes words. He is as square as a man can be in every act and thought.

FARMERS, mechanics and laboring men should see that John F. Wallace is on their ticket for the Council.

VANDERBILT says the Republicans have legislated him out of two million dollars a year by reducing interest on the bonds he holds from seven to four percent. He thinks if that is helping the rich at the expense of the poor that they had better take the balance of his interest money and give it to the western farmer.

If you want a live man in the Legislature vote for E. P. Wells, of Stutsman County, and this district will not be neglected.

The Deadwood republican candidates were requested by the central committee of Lawrence county to repudiate a nomination tendered them by a people's convention. They did so believing that they could not consistently accept but in this county we have a member of the territorial central committee running in opposition to a candidate of his party.

FARMERS, mechanics and laboring men should see that John F. Wallace is on their ticket for the Council.

PORTER WARNER and others on the regular republican ticket in Lawrence county were required to withdraw their names from a ticket put into the field by an independent outfit, by the republican committee. The republicans in that county are making a square fight to redeem the county from ring rule and do not intend to permit a division of their force or allow their candidates to chase after any side-show illusions.

If you want a live man in the Legislature vote for E. P. Wells, of Stutsman County, and this district will not be neglected.

The republicans have made a thorough canvass of the county and have listed every legal voter entitled to cast

his ballot in the several voting precincts, and they do not intend to allow repeating, a false count or other funny work at the polls. They only ask a square vote and fair counts. Repeaters and illegal voters will be prosecuted. Those inclined to indulge a disposition that would lead them in that direction should remember the fate of Limpy Jack. The same judge—Barnes—is still on deck.

FARMERS, mechanics and laboring men should see that John F. Wallace is on their ticket for the Council.

CRIMES AGAINST THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

Every person who procures, aids, assists, counsels, or advises another to give his vote, knowing that such person is disqualified, shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$500 nor less than \$50, and by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year. And every person who procures or counsels another to enter any town, ward or election district for the purpose of giving his vote at an election, knowing that such person is not entitled to vote is guilty of a misdemeanor, and every person who, at any election, knowingly votes or offers to vote in any election district in which he does not reside or in which he is not authorized by law to vote is guilty of a misdemeanor. So reads sections 66, 67, and 68 Penal Code Dakota Laws.

Section sixty-four provides that every person who votes more than once at any election, or who offers to vote at any election, or who offers to vote after having once voted either in the same or in another election district shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$200, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year, and section sixty-five provides that every person knowing himself not to be a qualified voter, who votes or offers to vote at any election, shall be punished by fine not exceeding two hundred dollars and by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months.

Section seventy-three provides that every person who wilfully, by unlawful arrest, by force and violence, or by threats or intimidation, prevents or endeavors to prevent an elector from freely giving his vote at any election, or employs either of such means to hinder him from voting, or to cause him to vote for any person or candidate, shall be punished by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars and not less than fifty dollars.

Section eighty-five provides that every judge who wilfully excludes any vote duly tendered knowing that the person offering the same is entitled to vote or who wilfully receives a vote from any person who has been challenged without exacting proof of his right or who wilfully omits to challenge any person whom he knows or suspects not to be duly entitled to vote and who has not been challenged by another is guilty of a misdemeanor. Section eighty-six provides several penalties for judges or clerks who fail to do their duty or who connive in any manner to aid in the commission of any crime.

Section eighty-seven provides that every person who, by offering to give or by giving a bribe, to any elector or who by menace or any other corrupt means, either directly or indirectly attempts to influence such elector in giving his vote at any election, and every elector entitled to vote at such election who shall take or receive such bribe, shall be punished by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars and not less than one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding one year and not less than three months, and in addition under section eighty-eight he is forever disfranchised.

Section fifty-seven relates to loaning or promising to loan, or giving or promising to give, any money or any article of value to influence an elector to vote in any particular way, and provides substantially the same penalties as section fifty-six while under section eighty-eight those who violate those two sections are in addition to the penalties therein provided forever disfranchised.

If you want a live man in the Legislature vote for E. P. Wells, of Stutsman County, and this district will not be neglected.

GEX. GRANT SAYS: "I am republican as between the existing parties, because of the production of a bad arm and mania, and it encourages the general condition of the poor as well as the rich. The democratic party encourages all those who are in absolute poverty. The republican party is a party of progress and of liberality toward its opponents. It encourages the poor to strike to better their condition. The ignorant to educate their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates, and in due it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality, or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself as able as he is capable of."

And he might have added that it favors internal improvements which gives back to the laboring men the revenues gathered from the rich. It favors protecting the industries of the country, not in the interest of capital but in the interest of laboring men. It favors the extension of railroads which will open new countries and new industries. The republican party builds churches and schools, builds railroads and improves highways. Where the greatest republican majorities are there will be found a happy and prosperous people. In the solid South one may ride for days without seeing a school house; in the north school houses are found at almost every cross road. In the

north the laboring man is recognized by his employers, as an equal, and is treated accordingly. In the South the white laborer is rated below the negro. The Northern soldiers were styled mudsills by the chivalrous fighters of the South, who fought to enslave the blacks, degrade white labor and to build up an aristocracy as heartless as that of the old world.

FARMERS, mechanics and laboring men should see that John F. Wallace is on their ticket for the Council.

WHO ARE ENTITLED TO VOTE?

Section forty-seven, chapter twenty-seven, general statutes of Dakota reads as follows: "Every male person above the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a resident of the territory ninety days, twenty days in the county and five days in the precinct, next preceding the election, who is a citizen of the United States, or who has declared upon his oath his intention to become such, and shall have taken an oath to support the constitution of the United States, and persons who have been declared by law to be citizens of the territory, and shall have complied with the provisions of any law which is now or may in future be in force relating to the registration of voters, shall be entitled to vote, and all persons possessing the qualification, mentioned in this section, and who have resided in the territory nine months, shall be eligible to any office in said territory. Provided, however, that persons shall vote in the precincts where they reside and not elsewhere."

This is the only section in the statutes that governs this subject and under this law men who have families residing in other cities, states or territories cannot vote in this county.

River men having families residing at St. Louis, Yankton, or other points, can not vote in this county without being subject to the penalties for illegal voting given elsewhere.

Railroad men who have families living at Jamestown, Fargo, St. Paul, or elsewhere, can not legally vote in this county.

The men working on the dock or elsewhere in the county, who have not been in the territory ninety days; in the county twenty days, and in the precinct five days cannot legally vote, nor can they if they have families elsewhere than in the precinct where their vote is offered.

Men traveling or working on the steamboats or railroads, cannot legally vote where they happen to touch on election day. See the penalty for illegal voting.

If you want a live man in the Legislature vote for E. P. Wells, of Stutsman County, and this district will not be neglected.

MARATTA AND THE CHURCH.

Religion and politics never mix well. The trouble with Ireland seems to be too much church and state, and too little done by government in the interest of the laboring classes. Congress did right not to endorse the Fenian raids or officially express sympathy because we had just collected fifteen million dollars of old England for the sympathy she extended to our insurgents during the war. Congress did right to refuse an appropriation for the "Little Sisters," and possibly wrong to vote aid to the Woman's Aid Society. Congress has given for the benefit of the public schools one-eighth of the public domain, and the states provide for them by liberal appropriations. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Turks, Chinamen and Negroes, are alike, taxed to sustain them, and all have an equal right to participate in their benefits.

Many Catholics, as well as some Protestants, prefer the schools sustained by the church; and many Protestants educate their children in the Catholic schools of the country, preferring them to the public schools, but it would be alike unfair to take the public money to support a Catholic convent or a Campbellite college.

The question is seldom asked whether those we engage to do business for us are Catholics or Protestants.

The noblest trait in character is love for one's fellow men. We find it in Catholic organizations for the relief of the sick and suffering. We find it in their Father Matthew societies, in their immigration societies, and in their church work.

The Protestants show equal zeal, though they lack organization in their Woman's Aid Societies, in their Christian Associations and Bible Societies, in their mission work at home and abroad; in their Sunday schools and prayer meetings and in their temperance organizations. In the past many have sacrificed life rather than surrender their convictions, and the church today is as earnest and true as it ever was and is a power for good in the land. But once open the treasury to the churches, and the history of the dark ages would be repeated. God has blessed the churches by raising them above politics, and he is no friend to them who seeks to bring the church issue into politics. The Tribune does not envy the man whose head or heart leads him to introduce in American politics religious or nationality issues. Our greatest strength is in liberty of conscience and in a mixed, plain and unpretentious people. This was the counsel of Washington and the fathers of the republic.

This in reply to Capt. Maratta's reasons given in the *Spa* for being a democrat.

Wm. McCrory was nominated by the republicans for superintendent of public

schools, but understanding that he declined the nomination on account of probable absence from the county his name was dropped from the ticket last week. He is the republican candidate, however, and should receive the full vote of his party.

Mr. Pettigrew will be elected. During the next two years Dakota will be admitted as a state or divided. If divided Bismarck may be the capital of the new territory. In any event the man to be elected to congress two years hence will be a republican. Delegations to the nominating conventions are based on the republican vote for delegate. Bismarck's importance in that convention depends upon the vote this fall for the republican candidate for congress. Nothing is lost by giving him a full vote. Much may be gained by doing so. Then let every man who cares for this section of Dakota or its future vote for Mr. Pettigrew.

The following messages passed over the wires the day following the republican victories in Indiana and Ohio:

New York, Oct. 23.—Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Washington, D. C.: Do you recollect an old book published a long long time ago, called the Bible? Can you find a copy? If so, read the 23rd psalm, verse 2.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 23.—Hon. Marshall Jewell: Good for the Bible. I congratulate you on the evidence of your splendid management of the inauguration of Garfield has commenced.

The passage alluded to reads as follows: "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they unto the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them."

Let the independent voter who wants to check any evil that can be reached by ballot go to the polls and scratch a ticket until it suits him. All attempts to accomplish anything in the way of reform outside of the great political parties fail. Rebuke bad nominations by scratching, not by getting yourself outside your party organization. It takes too long to get back again. Let the dissatisfied democrats either vote the straight republican ticket or scratch on their own the objectionable candidates.

EVERY man on the republican ticket is qualified for the position for which he was selected. Every man is good and true, Ward, Coykendall, Snodgrass, and all of them, and if elected they will serve the county with honor to themselves and credit to the county.

What can a democrat do in a legislature where nearly all are republicans? There is scarcely a district in the territory that will not return republican members, and in order to take our true position in the territory this district ought to be represented by republicans.

The independents are still active, and believe they will make fearful inroads into the heretofore invincible democracy of this county, and because of their work the republicans believe they will be able to win on a portion of their ticket. Let every man who wishes to see this, vote the straight republican ticket.

MAIL LETTINGS.

with RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, General ill Health, Wasting Decay, Trinary Diseases, Spinal Diseases, Dyspepsia, Etc., Etc., to whom will be sent my new Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Belts, world renowned for their success in saving many lives, by *Curing ALL CHRONIC DISEASES*. Send Schedules and Circulars for Free to *DR. C. B. FORBES, 174 W. Fourth St. Cincinnati, O.*

Notice to Contractors.

Post Office Department, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15, 1880.

Proposals will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 3 p. m. of January 10, 1881, for carrying the mails of the United States, upon the routes, and according to the schedule of arrival and departure specified by the Department, in the Territory of Dakota from July 1, 1881, to June 30, 1882. Lists of routes, with schedules of arrivals and departures, instructions to bidders, with forms for contracts and bonds and all other necessary information will be furnished upon application to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JIM TAYLOR. ED. WILLIAMS.

TAYLOR & WILLIAMS,

NORTHWESTERN'

PURCHASING AGENCY

90 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

We take pleasure in announcing to the people of Dakota that we have opened facilities for supplying anything in the mercantile line at wholesale prices. Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Wearing Apparel, Notions, Wines and Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles, Books and Stationery, Jewelry, Furniture and House-keeping Goods, and in fact anything to eat, wear or use. Samples of goods, rules for self measurement, price lists and any desired information sent on application. The advantage of dealing through us are manifested and will readily be seen on comparing prices and qualities with other dealers. Everything furnished at lowest figures and satisfaction guaranteed. Goods sent by freight, express or mail as desired. Correspondence with dealers solicited. Address: TAYLOR & WILLIAMS, 90 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

T. J. MITCHELL,

GENERAL

LAND AGENT,

MANDAN, D. T.

Buy and sell deeded and Railroad lands on commission; select and locate homesteads, Pre-emption and Free Culture claims, and contracts for breaking and planting trees on tracts claimed; have complete township plans of all surveyed lands west of the Missouri River on the office of the Register of Deeds in the Missouri Division of the North Pacific Railroad.

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads

And Sioux Half-Breed Scrip Furnished at Reasonable Rates

to parties who prefer to perfect title to lands without residing thereon. Can also furnish at reduced rates.

Certified Scrip

which can be used in payment for Pre-emption Lands the same as money. Correspondence solicited.

E. H. HANES. A. C. DAVIS.

BISMARCK

TREE PLANTING

COMPANY,

Bismarck, Dakota.

We are prepared to furnish trees for "tree culture" or ornamental shrubbery, in quantities to suit, delivered to any station on the North Pacific west of Detroit, Minn., at the following rates: per 100, 2 years old, \$5 per thousand; Cottonwood cuttings, 2 feet long, \$1 per thousand.

Box Elder, for shade trees, \$10 to 20 cents each; Box Elder cuttings, \$5 per thousand; Shepherdia (Bullberry) for hedges and fruit, perfectly hardy, 5 to 25 cents each; White Ash, for shade trees, 3 to 20 cents each. All kinds of ornamental trees from the oldest nursery in Minnesota. Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced tree-planter.

Address orders to: HANES & DAVIS, Managers, Bismarck, Dakota.

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES.

ON REAL ESTATE.

THE CORBIN BANKING CO.

115 Broadway, N. Y.

Buy Purchase Money Mortgages well secured upon Country Real Estate at the very best rates.

REVOLVERS at Half Price.

English and American, \$10.00 for \$5.00; English and American, \$15.00 for \$7.50; English and American, \$20.00 for \$10.00; English and American, \$25.00 for \$12.50; English and American, \$30.00 for \$15.00; English and American, \$35.00 for \$17.50; English and American, \$40.00 for \$20.00; English and American, \$45.00 for \$22.50; English and American, \$50.00 for \$25.00; English and American, \$55.00 for \$27.50; English and American, \$60.00 for \$30.00; English and American, \$65.00 for \$32.50; English and American, \$70.00 for \$35.00; English and American, \$75.00 for \$37.50; English and American, \$80.00 for \$40.00; English and American, \$85.00 for \$42.50; English and American, \$90.00 for \$45.00; English and American, \$95.00 for \$47.50; English and American, \$100.00 for \$50.00.

New York Agents, MEXICO CO., J. H. LITTLEFIELD, West 4th St. Room 217, cor. Clark & LaSalle, Chicago.

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Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

New Contractors and Builders of all classes of

Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

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Harness Makers and Saddlers,

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Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty.

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Bismarck and Ft. Buford

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U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days from Bismarck at 6 a. m.

For express, freight or passage apply to J. H. LEIGHTON & J. D. JORDAN, Fort Buford.

Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co., 127 W. 4th St., or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

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INSURANCE

Connecticut, \$1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe, 29,000,000
Traders, 850,000
La Confiance, 5,600,000
Hamburg, Magdeburg, 833,000
Hamburg-Bremen, 1,234,000
German-American, 2,619,000
49 ft. F. J. CALL, Agent.

LAND NOTICE.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., September 30, 1880. Contestant having been entered at this office by John A. Becker against John McCallan for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 130, dated August 20, 1880, upon the 21st day of July, 1880, section 18, range 78 north range 79 west in Burleigh county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of November, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m. in response and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., Oct. 28, 1880. Contestant having been entered at this office by John A. Becker against Mary A. Stevens for abandoning her Homestead entry No. 50, dated May 21st, 1880, upon the 21st day of July, 1880, section 18, range 78 north range 79 west in Burleigh county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of November, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m. in response and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

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TRIBUNE AGENTS.

Mr. J. B. Bates, newspaper advertising agent at Park Row (Times building) New York, is authorized to contract for advertising in this Tribune, at our lowest rates.

Geo. F. Russell & Co., newspaper advertising agents at 20 Spruce St., New York, are authorized to make contracts for this paper at our lowest rates. A file of this paper may be seen at the New York office.

Chas. E. Miller & Co., newspaper advertising agents, (Tribune building), Chicago, Ill., are authorized agents to contract advertising for this paper at our lowest rates.

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CLERK—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.
DEPUTY CLERK—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.
DEPUTY CLERK—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.
DEPUTY CLERK—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.

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E. B. Kirk, Capt. A. Q. M. U. S. A., Depot Q. M. Co. 3rd Cir. Ins. Ins. office in charge U. S. M. I. Tel. E. B. Kirk, Capt. A. Q. M. U. S. A., Depot Q. M. Co. 3rd Cir. Ins. Ins. office in charge U. S. M. I. Tel. E. B. Kirk, Capt. A. Q. M. U. S. A., Depot Q. M. Co. 3rd Cir. Ins. Ins. office in charge U. S. M. I. Tel.

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COUNTY CLERK AND REGISTER OF DEEDS.—John H. Richards.
CLERK.—Alexander McKinnon.
COUNTY TREASURER.—W. B. Watson.
JUDGE OF PROBATE.—Emor N. Corey.
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—J. B. Bragg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—Frank Donnelly, Joseph Hare, J. A. Emmens.
COUNTY SURVEYOR.—W. Thompson.
CLERK.—John Quigley.
COUNTY ASSESSOR.—J. Malloy.
JUDICIAL OFFICE.—J. B. Ware, Bismarck, Minn. Edgerly, Mandan.

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MAYOR.—George Peoples.
CITY CLERK.—J. D. Wakeman.
CITY ATTORNEY.—John E. Garland.
CITY ENGINEER.—Geo. Glass.
CHIEF OF POLICE.—John Waldron.
ALDERMEN.—W. A. Meserve, J. G. Malloy, M. J. J. Alderman, Geo. Thorswald, Louis Westhauser, J. Conford.

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METHODIST CHURCH.—J. M. Bull, Pastor.
EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—W. C. Stevens, Pastor.
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NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 10 p. m. Leaves daily, except Sunday, at 7:15 a. m. **FORTY.**—Leave for Fort Snelling, Berthold and Fargo every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30 p. m. Leave for Fort Snelling and all down river points daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m., arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m. Leave for Fort Snelling and all down river points daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m., arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m. Leave for Fort Snelling and all down river points daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m., arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.

BLAIRS HILLS.—Leave daily, at 8 p. m. Arrive at Bismarck, at 10 p. m. Leave for Bismarck, at 8 p. m. Arrive at Bismarck, at 10 p. m. Leave for Bismarck, at 8 p. m. Arrive at Bismarck, at 10 p. m.

REGISTERED MAIL.—For all points except 5 p. m. Office open from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m.; Sundays from 7 to 1 a. m., and 10 to 6 p. m.

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JOHN A. STOEYELL—Attorney, 13 N. Fourth-st.
DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street
JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, 64 Main-st.
FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys, Geo P. Flannery, J. K. Wetherby
A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S., 12 W. Main-st.
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H. R. PORTER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office 37 Main-st., next to Tribune Block
U. S. Examining Physician.
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Walter Mack, Geo. H. Fairchild, President, Cashier
W. M. A. BENTLEY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office 41 Main-st., Tribune Block
EMER N. COREY, U. S. COMMISSIONER, Judge of Probate, and Clerk of District Court, Office one door below Tribune Block, my 5177nd.
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Sheridan House, E. H. Bly, Proprietor, The largest and best hotel in Dakota Territory, CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS, BISMARCK, D. T.
MERCHANTS HOTEL, Cor. Main and 3d St., BISMARCK, D. T.
MARSH & WAKEMAN, Props., Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastefully furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-271
CUSTER HOTEL, THOS. MCGOWAN, Proprietor, Fifth Street near Main, Bismarck, D. T.
WERTERN HOUSE, Malloy Bros., Prop's., Bismarck, Dakota. The house is centrally located, and recently enlarged, refitted and furnished. Opposite the railroad depot. Prices reasonable.
ARTHUR W. DRICCS, HOUSE, SIGN AND Carriage Painting, West Main Street, PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Fine Carriage Painting, RATES LOW.

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St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Paul SHORT LINE.

Composed of the Minneapolis & St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.

Making the shortest line and the best line between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnesota and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.

Also direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

Tickets on sale at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, via Florida.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars of latest make and improvements on through express trains. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH. Tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured at the Minneapolis & St. Paul City Ticket Office, No. 8 Washington Avenue, W. G. Teller, agent; and at St. Paul & Pacific Depot.

In St. Paul—At 116 East Third street, G. H. Hazard, agent.
In St. Louis—At 112 North Fourth street, W. D. Sanborn, agent.
In Chicago—At all ticket offices of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.
C. F. HATCH, Gen. Man'gr. Gen. Pass. Agt.

ERIE & MILWAUKEE LINE, Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroads.

Shortest and Most Direct Route to all points in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Illinois and Iowa, Montana and Dakota Territory, Manitoba and British Possessions. Make property "E. & M. Line" and deliver to New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway from Duane St. or 201 St. North River, or Pier 8 East River.

To ensure quick time and have property shipped on Fast Trains, deliver freight at our Depot, Foot of Duane street, before 6 o'clock p. m. Get Bills of Lading from G. T. NUTTER, Agent, 401 Broadway, N. Y. Through Bills Lading given to all foreign points.

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CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS AT ST. PAUL WITH St. Paul & Pacific R. R. —FOR— WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWATONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, MCGREGOR, MADISON, Milwaukee, Chicago, Minnesota & Northern Iowa New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New England, the Canadas, and all EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

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Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities. Steel Rail Trains, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic Air Brakes. Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres, Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other Northwestern line.

A. Y. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
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Northern Pacific R. R. 1898 Summer Arrangement, 1898. **TAKE THE Custer Route BLACK HILLS.** TO THE Thro' Express Trains FROM ST. PAUL TO BISMARCK, DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run! Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains from Melrose and the Bank Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Canyon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Fort Rice, Berthold, Carrick, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated April 7, 1898.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul.
G. G. SANBORN, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., St. Paul.

JOHN YEGEN. BISMARCK D. T. **CITY BAKERY.** Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits, Confectionery, &c. Goods Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

JOHN MASON, WINE, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS, AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN. Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People.

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third-st., St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No 31 Robert-st., St. Paul.

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MERCHANT HOTEL—Corner 3d-st and 1st-ave, north. \$2 per day; 10¢ at the very centre of business—two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge; street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

JOHN C. OSWALD, Wholesale Dealer in **Wines, Liquors and Cigars** 11 WASHINGTON-AVE., MINN. **Plow Works.** S. T. Ferguson, President. W. B. Jackson, Jr., Sec'y and Treas. ESTABLISHED, 1860.

Monitor Plow Works MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plow, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Scrapers, etc. The FERTILIZER SPREADER. This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam.

MONITOR ESTABLISHED 1860. **THE MONITOR PLOW** Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Sulky—Solid Steel.

Monitor Sulky Rake, Light, Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Bakes Clean. Send for Descriptive List.

MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER THE LARGEST **TAILORING** ESTABLISHMENT In The Northwest. Importers and Jobbers of Fine Woolens and Trimmings. 82 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.—871.

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., PIONEER **BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP** Corner Third and Thayer Streets, BISMARCK, D. T. None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

N. DUNKLEBERG, General Dealer in **Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors, Mouldings Window Glass.** BUILDING MATERIAL of all kinds. BISMARCK, D. T. John P. Hoagland, Carpenter and Builder, Fifth St., Near Custer Hotel, BISMARCK, D. T. Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED **STOMACH BITTERS** The accumulated evidence of nearly thirty years, show that the Bitters is a certain remedy for malarial disease, as well as its surest preventive; that it eradicates dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness; counteracts a tendency to gout, rheumatism, urinary and uterine disorders, that it imparts vigor to the feeble, and cheers the mind while it invigorates the body. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Andover, Mass.

MOTHER, MAY I GO AND PLAY? BY ETHEL M. BOLTON.

Mother, may I go and play?
Daring mother, say I may;
Get my hat with wisest trim,
Tie my bib beneath my chin;
Put my marble box and ball,
Let me have my playthings all;
Let me be a child to-day—
Mother, may I go and play?

Mother, may I go and play?
Tell me not 'tis old to-day;
Speak not now of friends untrue,
Let me be a child to-day;
I would throw each burden down,
All life's cares and sorrows drown
In that magic childhood lay—
Mother, may I go and play?

Mother, may I go and play?
This is weary to-day;
I have longed for life's burdens borne,
When of romance they were shorn;
Love proved false and hearts untrue,
Friends failed and friends were few;
Now I cast them all away—
Mother, may I go and play?

Mother, may I go and play?
Fainter flowers will bloom to-day,
Brighter gleam the golden light,
Sister to my dreams to-night;
Childhood's faith will come again,
Simple trust shall ease all pain,
When to-night we kneel and pray—
Mother, may I go and play?

COURTSHIP BY PROXY.

"Indeed!" said the deacon's wife. I knew by that she hadn't heard a word we had been saying.

"Why, yes," I repeated, a good deal discouraged, for I saw I must begin again at the very beginning—"she is more than 100 years old, and entirely destitute. Yet she did not complain of anything but the cold. She was formerly a slave in Kentucky, but somehow strayed away up here, and now has outlived everybody that ever belonged to her. If I could manage to get her in the Colored Woman's Home for the rest of her life, I should be glad. But, as she isn't a resident of the city, it will be necessary to pay her board. A dollar a week, Mrs. Hoyt thinks it is."

"Certainly, that would be the best thing to be done," replied Mrs. Deacon, winking up a little. "Still, I don't know what we can do until we have called a meeting of the society."

That was much like her! If the vestry had been on fire, she would have stopped to call a meeting of the society before she would have ventured to throw on a dipper of water.

"But the poor creature is freezing and starving," said I, impatiently. "Can't you, as President of the society, empower me to give her at least one of those woolen sacks we have on hand?"

"I don't know but I might go as far as that, though I suppose it isn't exactly in order," returned the deacon's wife, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing the table-cover between her thumb and finger.

She seemed to be meditating, so I waited for a minute, and then she said, abruptly:

"What do you think of Mr. Brodhead, Bella?"

"There! I shouldn't wonder if he would give us something!" I exclaimed, going down on my knees in my heart to the deacon's wife for my injustice. "He is a man of means, and a generous man, I've always heard."

The deacon's wife looked puzzled.

"Oh, your old colored woman!" said she, directly. "I wasn't thinking about her; I was thinking of you. Mr. Brodhead has a very high opinion of you, Bella. Did you know it?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Shackelford?" said I, as surprised as though the man in the moon had winked at me, for my friends all knew how I detested such talk. And, besides, I never considered Mrs. Shackelford that sort of a woman. Her attention was usually centered in the sewing society and her flower garden.

But for once some other idea had taken possession of her mind, and, as her thoughts always ran in grooves, she never could harbor more than one at a time.

"Mr. Brodhead is a nice man, and a fine-looking man," she said, looking at me sharply. "A man of means, and a generous man, as you say."

"I suppose so," I replied, gathering my shawl about me.

"Oh, don't you go yet, Bella. I was wanting to see you, and I consider your dropping in quite providential. The deacon and I were talking of calling on you this very evening," said the deacon's wife, putting out her hand to keep me from rising; "and, when I saw your blue shawl turning in at the gate, I said to myself, 'That's as marked a token as Rebecca at the well, with the pitcher on her shoulder.' I haven't the gold earrings and bracelets to offer you, but I have all the rest," she added, laughing nervously.

Just now the deacon came in. Now there is, in the opinion of his wife, but one reason why Deacon Shackelford didn't make the world. He found it already made. And when he came in, she looked up to him as though Atlas had come, and she could safely drop the world on his shoulders and go off picking golden apples.

"I was just speaking a good word for Mr. Brodhead to Bella, deacon," said she.

"Ah! and what does Bella say?" returned the deacon, looking as though it were a question of investing in real estate, or the price of gold.

"Bella doesn't say anything," I replied. "Certainly not before she is asked."

"You need not wait long, if that is all," answered Deacon Shackelford. "I'll ask you now. Have you any objection to an offer of marriage from Mr. Brodhead? There!"

"He is a very bashful man, Mr. Brodhead is, Bella, and so he got us to help him a little. Why, he is in love with you," interposed Mrs. Deacon Shackelford—"he is in love with you down to his boots."

"Let it run out of his toes, then," said I, beginning to feel like new yeast. "But you can't have anything against the man," persisted Mrs. Deacon. "And think! after a while you won't have your grandfather and your Aunt Susannah to talk to, and you will miss it if you don't have somebody in their place. It is best to think of these things. And you won't find a kinder man, if you search the world over with a wax candle, than Mr. Brodhead."

"Mr. Brodhead is well enough, Mrs. Shackelford. I don't deny that. But the idea of making a proposal of this sort through 'middle-men'! It is too absurd!" I said, laughing, and put on my hat.

So I went home to my classes in embroidery, and drawing, and wax-work—to making Aunt Susannah's caps and grandfather's coffee. My life was full of monotonous work in those days, and sometimes I had a strange, uncomfortable impression of a machine wound up and running without any act of its own.

One evening when I was putting the silver away after supper, and feeling the creak and creak of the wheels more than usual, as though the machine needed oiling, the front gate slammed, and steps came along up the walk.

"I knowed some one was coming. I've knowed all day some one was talking of coming," said Gitty Pullen, who, "to accommodate," as she often told us, had kindly consented to rule over our kitchen and us with a rod of pine in the form of a crutch.

As Gitty had no home, no money, and only one foot of her own, but as good as four ears and two tongues, it might seem sometimes that the accommodation was two-sided. However, things are not what they seem.

"I knowed it was Mr. Corliss!" pursued Gitty, triumphantly, as grandfather opened the door and disclosed the figures of our minister and his wife. "I can tell his stop as far off as I can hear it. Did you ever notice his eyes?" she continued. "They look like two holes burned in a blanket. And he holds his head just like Deacon Shackelford's old white horse."

And then she disappeared in the kitchen with her crutch and the cat, while Aunt Susannah put in her teeth, put on her black silk apron, and went with her meeting step into the parlor. When I followed her, soon after, I found her talking in as steady a flow as the waters came down at Lodore to Mrs. Corliss, who sat by the woodbine window, with hands folded in her black retted mitts across her lap, and her tea-colored curls shaking their heads, as it were, at the world and its vanities; while grandfather, who had been senior deacon for fifty years, and who had no idea even the church edifies could stand without him, was already in deep discussion with Mr. Corliss upon the question then absorbing and disturbing us, as to whether our Sabbath-school should hereafter be called a Sunday-school.

"I can never consent to have a religious organization known by a heathen name," grandfather was saying, as I had heard him say half a hundred times before.

And Mr. Corliss, with his serene, white head bent toward him, was thinking how he could braid in one of the fossilized fathers and the versatile sons of the church.

So there was nothing for me to do but to sit and smile and listen; for grandfather and Aunt Susannah were the persons to yield the floor when it was once theirs by priority.

"Mr. Corliss, is it not time for us to go?" said Mrs. Corliss, at early star-rising, with her measured dignity.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Corliss, rising at once, with his head still bent to catch grandfather's last sentence.

"Bella, put on your hat and walk out with us a little way. It is a charming evening," said Mrs. Corliss, turning to me after taking a ceremonious leave of Aunt Susannah.

Of course I went for my hat. I should as soon think of insisting on breathing in an exhausted receiver as of refusing to follow a suggestion of Mrs. Corliss'. Or so I supposed then. But I trembled in my heart, and began to run over in my mind all my little over-dones and under-dones. She had such a Lady Superior way that, though I really loved our minister's wife, I always felt a sense of guilt, and never at home with her.

But it seemed it was not that I had been late at church or absent from the sewing society this time. Neither had I a bow too many or a bow too few on my Sunday bonnet. Worse, though; Mr. Brodhead had been to her.

"My dear," she began, as sweet and as cold as stiff as a dish of frozen custard. "I want to have a serious talk with you on a serious subject, and perhaps I may as well say at once, Mr. Brodhead has solicited the good offices of Mr. Corliss and myself between you and himself. He seems to be a very earnest admirer, but a very diffident one. What should you say to the idea of entertaining a proposal of marriage from him?"

"I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, Mrs. Corliss. I have no expectation or wish ever to marry anyone," said I, feeling very much annoyed.

Mrs. Corliss sighed severely. "Marriage is a divinely-appointed institution," said she, "and not to be lightly set aside without due consideration and prayer. You are not now prepared to give a final answer so important a matter. It comes upon you suddenly. Take time, my dear friend, to think it over carefully, prayerfully, and with a view to what is your duty."

Mrs. Corliss shut her lips tight, as though to keep her teeth in, and then kissed me good-night—a soft, clammy kiss, which made me feel as though I wanted a lump of sugar. Accordingly, I went in the house and ate one, and thought no more about Mr. Brodhead for a month and a day.

At the end of that time Aunt Kent asked me to go down and do up her caps. Aunt Kent was a dear, good old lady, who lived in a little yellow and white cottage at the end of the graveyard, where her husband and seven children were lying in one pathetic row, under the beds of heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. But when they went she adopted all the world into her warm, motherly heart. So, though she lived alone, with a little cream-colored greyhound, she had a large family, and whoever was sick, or sorry, or needy, went to her, as well as whoever wished for sympathy in health and gladness.

Dear Aunt Kent! When I went in, there she was knitting a checked sock for young Mrs. Cable's first baby, with such a look of peaceful repose on her face that one would be willing to go over the same weary path of suffering, if it should lead at last into such a land of rest.

"I don't know when I felt sorer," said she, when I was settled at my work by her side, "than I did for some body who came to me last week in a love affair. He is a man of whose love any woman might be proud, but he is so full of humility and self-distrust that he doesn't even dare open the subject to the young woman herself. And I don't know but it will cost him his life. He says he is sure it would if she should refuse him, and I guess he is sure about it."

In an instant Mr. Brodhead flashed into my mind, and my heart grew harder than the meeting-house steps.

"Why, Aunt Kent," said I, "it is too absurd! He has already been to the minister and to the minister's wife, and then to the deacon and to the deacon's wife, to ask them to intercede for him. I wouldn't have a man anyhow after he had made such a goose of himself."

Aunt Kent opened her eyes in mild astonishment, and then I remembered she named somebody. Then I stopped suddenly and felt my cheeks begin to burn.

"Dear child," she said tenderly, "when you have seen a few more of the ups and downs of life, you will think more of a good man's love than you will of these outside manners. Mr. Brodhead told me he had been in this strait to some of our mutual friends, but he supposed they had not spoken with you. And we must not judge him by the standard we would apply to some people. He is sinking to timorousness, especially with ladies. And he says he is conscious that he always appears his worst before you. Poor man! I've seen him sit at church with his eyes fixed on the ribbon of your hat, as it fluttered a little in the wind, and looked so hungry and so hopeless, my heart just ached for him."

This time my face flushed with anger as well as shame.

"I feel humiliated, Aunt Kent," said I. "I hope nobody else has seen him make such a silly spectacle of himself."

"Bella, my dear, you are wrong," interposed Aunt Kent, gently. "We must take people as they are, not as we would have made them. The man is cast in a delicate, sensitive mold, and this is nearly or quite a matter of life or death with him. I doubt if you are loved again by so worthy a man, and I am sure you will not be any more sincerely. I hope you will not be so misguided as to throw away such a treasure, only for a romantic notion."

I could not laugh at Aunt Kent's tender earnestness, but I shook my head and felt immovable from the bump of firmness down to my boot soles. And thus ended the third lesson.

Weeks after this, one day in the "dawning of the year," when the bees hummed and the lilacs bloomed, I went out to dig blood-root where the road ran through a bit of woodland, a little north of the village. Because if we didn't need it, somebody might, and Aunt Susannah considered a few roots and herbs, "so handy to have in the house." Presently I felt an unconscious, magnetic drawing to look up, and there stood Mr. Brodhead. To this day I cannot tell how he came there. It was as though he had shot up like a field lily, right out of the ground, and he stood with his eyes dropped shyly as a girl's and his hand-me lips trembling. I pitied him almost as much as Aunt Kent had done.

"It will kill me if I don't speak, and it will kill me if I do, and you don't listen," said he, throwing out his words in jerks, like water running from a straight-necked bottle, and looking suddenly at me with such pathetic feeling in his great brown eyes that I began to feel ashamed. For what was I that he should be so stirred by me?

"You couldn't care any for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Brodhead, humbly.

"Perhaps I might, I don't know," I replied, almost involuntarily.

"Dear me!" But a love story sounds so different when a man tells it himself. And so, presently, it was I who trembled and cast down my eyes and blushed; and it was Mr. Brodhead who looked as though he was master of the whole world and the stars besides.

Aunt Susannah, waiting behind the woodbine window, thought I was gathering herbs to stock a pharmacy, for the sun had dropped behind the cedars on the top of Mount Margaret when I went home with Mr. Brodhead by my side, my hands empty, but my heart full.

Yes, we are engaged, and are to be married two weeks from next Wednesday. And the moral of my story is this: "If you want your business done, go; if not, send."

Good Luck.

Rev. A. E. Lawrence gave some good advice, that is worth repeating, to the graduating class of the Newton High School. "I hope," he said, "none of you belong to that most unfortunate class who imagine themselves lifted above the necessity of effort; who think that their family position, or their father's wealth, or a little money of their own, is going to bring the world to them, and that the over-er is quietly coming to open itself for them when they are ready to eat it. The over-er is a great deal more likely to swallow them."

A classmate said to me, when we were leaving college together, "Well, goodbye, now, goodbye; we will meet again on the floor of the Senate chamber at Washington."

We have never met there yet, and the chances are growing small that we ever shall. Nor has it been altogether my fault. The world swallowed him up after commencement, and nothing has ever been heard of him from that day to this.

In this struggling life there is no place for "lucky" men. The prizes are for the workers. "Why are you in such haste?" said one the other day to a man who has made his mark in the world. "Why not wait and see what will turn up?"

"Turn up!" he replied, "I never knew anything to turn up for me in this world unless I turned it up."

He also trusts to good luck to bring the world round to him just when he gets ready for it, will find himself like the clown in Rome, waiting on the bank for the stream to flow by, that he may pass over without wetting his feet.

Female Purity.

All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity and the claim which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is fully to remove the broadest cornerstone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street. Every hotel in the city was full yesterday.

Baby Mine coal is becoming very popular.

The warm, spring like weather still continues.

Threshing is in progress on President Hayes' farm.

Over one hundred arrivals at the Merchants yesterday.

The clothiers have received a fresh stock of election goods.

There will probably be not less than 1000 votes cast in Burleigh county this year.

About fifty Bismarckers will be obliged to go out in the country to vote next Tuesday.

M. L. Marsh has purchased the St. Louis store, and will fit it up for a first-class saloon.

If every man votes once right he need not alarm himself but that victory will crown the day.

The benefit to Mrs. Kelly, of Fargo, widow of the late Conductor John Kelly, will net about \$600.

Don't wait until the last moment for election tickets. Get your orders in early and save "getting left."

W. H. Hurd took charge of the Dakota House, Jamestown, Tuesday last. Hurd has a bonanza in store.

Jong Rea thinks that Wikem, of the Sun, has designs upon the land office in case Hancock is elected.

Bush & McBratney are serving the best meals and the necessary wines, liquors and cigars to hungry politicians.

John Quinlan and Billy Franklin have improved their respective places of business by building a new side-walk.

No traveling theatre company ever visited Bismarck and met with as much popularity as the Marble combination.

Thirty more laborers for work on the dyke at the levee arrived Wednesday night. The work is being pushed rapidly.

Stages now leave Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for the Black Hills and arrive Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The Northern Pacific is running some very heavy trains at present. One came in Wednesday night with thirty heavily loaded cars.

The Dakota Division working train arrived from the Apple Creek wreck Wednesday night and left for the east again yesterday.

Watch and pray. Watch for the uncertain voter and pray him to vote for good and true men—for the straight republican ticket.

Go thou straightway unto the polls and deposit thy vote in the cause of right, lest in doing otherwise, thy conscience shall smite thee.

Jos. Fox has purchased the saloon formerly occupied by Marks, No. 40 Main street, and has refitted the bar, claiming now as fine a sample room as any in the city.

The masts for the Fort Bennett and Fort Yates cables arrived from Brainerd Wednesday. They are beautiful, and in transportation covered the length of three flat cars.

Barry says that since he won that diamond solitaire, he has learned, to his surprise, he had some lady acquaintances in Bismarck, a fact which hitherto was doubtful.

Sixteen petitions are already made up together in the government office in Bismarck, on the occasion of Hancock's election. When that event will occur is rather indefinite.

Ask the uncertain voter to support your men. Show him that the republicans are and ever have been the staunch and true friends of the working people, and you shall receive his influence.

Two horses were burned to death Sunday night by prairie fires on Burnt Creek. One was owned by John Weitzel and one by H. M. Manley. Oscar Ward's stable and contents was also burned.

There is a sort of beligerent feeling prevailing among the Sheridan House employees. Last night the bell boy crooked the nose of the caterer, and this week the porter tried his fist several times on one of the guests.

Steele is busy threshing again and it is estimated that the yield will be not less than thirty bushels per acre. He has sold 15,000 bushels to the Northwestern Mills, Minneapolis, at five cents per bushel in advance of market price.

The list of voters prepared by direction of the republican committee shows that in the first Bismarck precinct west of Fourth street there are 229 voters, and in the second precinct, east of Fourth street, there are 283 voters, making in the city 522 voters.

As reported last week, the recent strike resulted in the concession of \$75 per month to the "protesters" on the Batchelor and Sherman. Yesterday an amusing conversation took place at the landing between two sons of the Emerald Isle. They were walking along, bracing up against each other, with a jug of whisky, when one of them was heard to remark, "Jasus, Pat, us now we's in the middle of our prosperity; \$75 a month and nothing to do."

A Card.
BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 27th, 1880.—To the voters of Burleigh county: Having voted the democratic ticket for thirty years, and believing in the necessity of maintaining the principles of the great national democratic party, and believing that the use of my name on the "so-called" Independent ticket would be detrimental to the interests of the democratic party of Burleigh county, I hereby withdraw my consent to the use of my name on that ticket, or any other ticket, at the approaching election. Respectfully,
JAMES BRAGO.

To Voters.
Now is the time for every voter to "brace up" for election by getting himself outside of a can of these Blue Gold Seal Brand Oysters. You will find them at Bragg's.

Strayed or Stolen.
From Stevens' near 17th St. and Oct. 23d, a pair of horses, one cream colored, the other light bay and had a tip on off side. Ages about 8 or 9 years. A liberal reward will be paid for any information of the whereabouts of the same or their return to 227.
B. G. RICKOWE.

Carpenters Wanted.
C. S. WEAVER & CO.

The Finest Wines.
And liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and domestic, at George Elder's—O. F. C. Restaurant, Fourth street.

For Sale.
Two good Road Horses. Address
J. D. Thompson, Dawson, D. T.

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic cures indigestion and all disorders of the stomach.

The Only Place
in town to find the nobby Cigarette Bar is at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Blank Books
and Stationery at
Dunn & Co's.

Best Select Oysters
Received daily by
W. H. THURSTON & Co.

Ask Anybody
Who is a judge of a good meal, where to go and they will all tell you to go to
FORSTERS.

Contracts Made
For coal at St. Paul prices with freight added.
J. W. RAYMOND & Co.

All the Rage
Those dear little Turban Hats at
DAN EISENBERG'S.

Niagara Saloon
Merchants Hotel, sets the best luncheon in the city, every night in the week.
MARSH & WAKEMAN.

Misses' and Children's Shoes.
At bottom prices at
MARSHALL'S.

Send your orders for Oysters to
W. H. THURSTON & Co.

First-Class Meals
Furnished at Forster's Restaurant on short notice.

Just Received
Fifty tons Hard Coal, Two Hundred tons Baby Mine at
J. W. RAYMOND & Co's.

Gilt Edge Butter
at Logan's on 3d street.

Screen Doors.
Go to Hostwick & Arnold's for screen doors.

Winter Coat
Make your arrangements for winter coat before the advances.
J. W. RAYMOND & Co

Overcoats, Overcoats.
Schneider, the Merchant Tailor, is prepared to furnish everyone with Overcoats at popular prices.

An Excellent Lunch
At the Merchants' bar every evening.

Window Glass of all sizes.
Dunn & Co.

Oysters, Oysters.
The celebrated Gold Seal brand Oysters received daily at
BRAGG'S.

Save Your Tree Claims.
Lack of attention will lose a valuable claim. The country is settling up and claimants and the Timber Culture Act must be on the alert, causing a strict compliance of the law. If you have not got the time to get out your own trees send your orders to Mitchell, Emerson & Co. Bismarck, and they will supply you with the healthiest young cottonwood trees that grow out of doors. It comes from the Missouri river bottoms, the cottonwood nursery of America, and don't you western folks forget it. They will tell you how to make a firm and true tree take the place of three thousand and at the same time comply with both the spirit and letter of the law.

Attention.
I will make it to your interest to call and examine and buy my Boys' clothing, as I am bound to go out of this line altogether. Call early for the biggest bargains ever offered by me.
St. Paul Branch Clothing House.

In the Whole History of Medicine
No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as ARY'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lungs disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all dealers.

A Bargain.
I will sell my farm of 160 acres, 50 acres under cultivation, four Houses, two No. 1 Milk Cows, a lot of Poultry, one Mower and Rake, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators and other farm and garden tools. Also 1000 bushels of potatoes, 500 bushels of oats, 400 bushels of wheat, 300 bushels of corn and a lot of cabbage, beets, carrots, &c. One Spring Wagon, two Lumber Wagons, fifty tons Hay, fifty cords dry wood, all of which I will sell at a bargain for cash. Reasons for selling, to engage in other business.
LOUIS NOTENYER.

The Spring Tooth Harrow is the best. Sold by W. H. Thurston & Co.

Select Oysters received daily by express. Thurston & Co.

Lamps and Pictures.
A fine selection at
DUNN & Co's.

Marsh & Wakeman
Have fitted up the Niagara Sample Room in elegant style. Call in every night and sample their fine lunch.

You Should Stop at the Merchants
When visiting Bismarck. Their accommodations can not be surpassed.
MARSH & WAKEMAN.

Mamma, buy me a suit and overcoat for the cold weather at Sig. Hanauer's. He sells so awfully cheap that you want to get rid of all your stock of Boys' and Youth's Suits and Overcoats.

Forster's on 3d St.
Is the Place.
Forster's, on 3d St.

Where you can get the best day board in Bismarck at \$5 per week.

Spring Tooth Harrows, all sizes, at W. H. Thurston & Co's
10,000,000.

Forest Trees ready for delivery. We are prepared to ship upon order to any point in Dakota and Minnesota Yellow Cottonwood Trees from six inches to six feet high. Our trees are from the Missouri River bottoms, known as "The Forest Nursery of the Northwest." Send in your orders at once and save your tree claims. Prices \$1, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$12 per thousand, according to height of trees. Address
MITCHELL, EMERSON & Co.,
Bismarck, D. T.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

For Sale.
FOR SALE.—E. H. By in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.
364

For Sale.
FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Day in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttie, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.
364

For Rent.
FOR RENT.—A neat cottage pleasantly located, together with four lots securely fenced. Rates low. Apply at McLean & McNeider's.
22-23
JAMES McDONALD.

For Rent or Sale.
FOR RENT OR SALE.—The store room in the Tanberg block. Enquire of S. Sellock, Sullwater, Minn.
184f

Hotelists and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Wants.
WANTED.—A good Cook and Laundress (white). Apply to Col. Tilford, at Fort A. Lincoln.
23

WANTED.—A good servant girl. Enquire of Wm. HARMON.
234f.

WANTED.—A Fort Yates 25 wood choppers to commence work at once. To good men employment guaranteed until first of May. Will pay from One Dollar and One Dollar and Fifty Cents per cord, according to location.
H. S. PARKIN.
Agent for Contractor.

WANTED.—50 acres Stubble Plowing to let in lots to suit contractors. Shelter furnished horses and men. Price \$25 per acre; application to be made at once to Ogden Adams, manager Spiritwood Farm.
294f

LOST.—A heavy Silver Hunting Case Watch. A liberal reward will be paid for its return to E. L. Strauss.
23f

Money to Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN.
F. J. CALL.

\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETHERBY.

MONEY TO LOAN.—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY.
411th
48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Maliciousness.
LADIES' and shoes a specialty. Large inventory just received at Marshall's, 75 Main Street.
33f, Main Street.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plans.
33f, Main Street.

\$72 a week \$13 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address Trux & Co. Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth the outfit free. Address Strimmon & Co. Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. RICH & Co. Portland, Me. for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid Side lace and buttoned boots, the latest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS
Made from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. HODGOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.
Send for their Catalogue and terms. 194f

Taken Up.
A roan pony at the crossing of Burnt Creek, Burleigh county, D. T., Oct. 1st. The owner will please call, prove property and pay charges.
CAUST YAGEN.
21-23

SEMINARY.

ST. MARY'S HALL.

FARIBAULT, MINN.

Rt. Rev. H. B. WAUWAT, D. D., Rector.

Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal.

This is one of the best appointed and most thorough boarding schools for young ladies in the country, and offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. It is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with ten experienced teachers. A foreign teacher resides at the Hall for daily conversation, as well as class instruction, in French and German. The fifteenth school year will begin on Thursday, Sept. 16th, 1880. For Registers, containing full information concerning the School, and for admission, address Bishop Wauwat, Faribault, Minn. 8-sept 5

HOW TO GET WELL.

Broken-down, Debilitated constitutions. Both male and female, and all difficult cases, for which help can be obtained nowhere else—bound to be so by undeniable facts. **A True Theory. No Deception.** The practical results of forty years' experience will be shown to invalidate Pamphlets and Circulars by addressing the eminently successful **Dr. Geo. W. Feltz**, 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13-14

ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE.

will positively cure all old sores and ulcers of every name and description, no matter of how many years standing, and how many other remedies have failed. It has been used for over fifty years and we defy the public to instance a single case where it has failed. There is no other remedy known that even claims to do what this Salve actually does, do and that without ever failing. If you have been suffering for one or fifty years with an ulcer, and tried ten thousand other remedies, do not fail by any means to use Ulcerine Salve for it will surely cure you. Send for descriptive catalogue containing full directions and numerous sworn testimonials; one will be mailed to any address free of charge. Price 50 cts. per bottle.

Prepared by J. P. ALLEN.

Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist, ST. PAUL, MINN.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS.

For Sale by W. A. HOLLEMBACK, Bismarck, D. T.

COLLEGE.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,

Collegeville, Stearns Co., Minn.

This Famous Institution of Learning will resume

Wednesday September 1, 1880.

The Situation is the Most Delightful and most healthy in the Northwest.

The course of study is unsurpassed and embraces all grades from Primary Grades to Primary School to University Classes.

The professors are experienced and efficient teachers.

The best Business and Professional men of this and adjoining States recommend it.

The charge is only \$15.00 per month for board and tuition.

The Institution invites inspection and defies competition.

For particulars, send for Catalogue. Address
Rt. Rev. ALEXIS EDELMAN, President.

Logan, of Third Street.

has a quantity of feed for sale

Good Stabling.

Good stabling in connection with the Merchants Hotel.

MARSH & WAKEMAN.

CLOTHING.

ST. PAUL BRANCH

Clothing House

Sig. Hanauer

OF THE

St. Paul Branch

Clothing House

is in the field and would kindly invite your attention to the largest and best selected stock of goods in the city. I will make it decidedly to your interest to call and examine goods and prices before buying elsewhere.

MY STOCK

consists of ready made Clothing, selected from the

BEST MANUFACTORIES

in the land. Gents' Furnishing Goods ranging from the cheapest to the finest kept in any Broadway Store in New York.

HATS AND CAPS.

My stock comprises the Stetson, and Derby, and all of the latest Novelties of the season.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

My stock is the best and I sell only the best goods made, at

EASTERN PRICES.

Come one and thousands to the ST. PAUL BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE, where you can expect to find a square deal.

Sig. Hanauer,

46 MAIN STREET.

Opp. Postoffice, Bismarck, D. T.

DRY GOODS.

GRAND DISPLAY OF

Dry Goods

AT

DAN EISENBERG'S,

A FULL LINE OF

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets.

I wish to inform the people in the city and surrounding country that I have received my full winter stock, which is now open for inspection. My stock consists of all the latest novelties and staples, as below mentioned. Give us a call and see all the latest styles.

Our Assortment in Shawls, Cloaks, Dolmas, Ulsters, Felt and Flannel Skirts is now complete, and can not be excelled in the Northwest.

Ladies', Gent's and Children's Underwear

A Specialty, in all sizes and qualities. Children's Combination and Single Suits.

OUR LINE OF HOSIERY

Is Complete in Ladies' and Children's French, British and Domestic and almost any shade and quality.

OUR DRESS DEPARTMENT

Is Complete and contains, as usual, the Latest Novelties in the Market. In Cashmeres I have almost any shade and quality, and Trimmings to match. Also a full line of APPLETON DRESS FLANNELS.

LADIES' CLOTHS AND REPELLANTS,

A Complete Assortment.

Flannels of all Colors in Quilt and Pressed.

YARNS, YARNS, YARNS.

In Yarns I have a larger and better assortment than any former year. I have a full line of the celebrated Cashmere Yarn never before kept in Bismarck; also a full line of Germantown and Zephyr Wools; also Java, Honeycomb and Burlap Canvas, Slipper Patterns, &c.

LADIES' SHOES.

I have my full fall stock of Ladies' and Children's shoes; the best assortment in town, and will be sold at the lowest prices

We are daily receiving New Fall Goods, and people living up or down the country, who cannot leave to examine these goods, will please send for samples. All orders will be promptly attended to.

Remember the place,

DAN. EISENBERG.

Raymond's brick block, next door to postoffice, Bismarck.

DRY GOODS.

GRAND

OPENING

FINEST FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF

Dry Goods and Notions,

Ever brought to the Territory, at

W. B. WATSON'S.

Ladies be sure and see this Fine Display of

Goods, consisting of

Black and Colored Silks and Satins.

Damasse novelties in Silk Velvet and Plush.

Plain Velvets, Handkerchief Suitings Cashmere and Momie Cloths.

Serges in all Shades, at astonishing low figures.

CLOAKS, CLOAKS.

No. 80 Main St.

MY STOCK

consists of ready made Clothing, selected from the

BEST MANUFACTORIES